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Ft. Wayne High and Manual
Training School
The Cauldron



R.W. SUNDAY

MEDITATION

DEDICATED TO THE HOPE
THAT THE MEMBERS OF
THE '10 CLASS, TRUE TO
THE STANDARDS OF THE
SCHOOL, WILL BEAR A
LARGE AND IMPORTANT
PART IN RESTORING THE
WORLD TO A CONDITION
OF PEACE AND HAPPINESS

1411821



Prof. Louis C. Ward

Principal of the Fort Wayne High and Manual Training School.

The Caldron Staff



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LITERARY

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CLASS COMMITTEES

BUSINESS STATE

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WILKENS



Signature Page

Have Your Friends Put Their Signatures on This Page

Editorials

TO THE STAFF

It is quite fitting at this zenith of the Caldron Staff's most diligent efforts, that the Editor should express his sincere appreciation of the co-operation of the staff members in conducting successfully the 1919 Caldron. Although we were hindered by the several epidemic bans, we have succeeded nevertheless in publishing seven excellent monthly issues and an Annual which will stand as a splendid memorial to the 1919 class. We have, through our exchange department, received the highest of compliments, our illustrations being mentioned especially. May the 1919 Caldron be forever remembered!

SOME ADVICE TO UNDERGRADUATES

As "veterans" of the four year course, we as graduates, are fitted to administer what we believe is some excellent advice to those who have not yet reached the coveted goal. If we can but emphasize the importance of making the most of one's time in school, we shall indeed be satisfied. By making the most of your time, you need not exert all your efforts in studying—that surely is not our advice. But when you study, study hard, and when you play, play hard! That's the point we want to make clear. One of the saddest things we know of is the sight of someone wasting his time. It is a splendid idea to look upon your attendance at school as a business and to absorb every practical bit of information that may come to your attention. Some of the subjects we study are almost solely for brain exercise—other subjects contain practical information which we may utilize in our daily life. Both these types of subjects demand attention, but we should take especial interest in the practical type.

Another curious condition of affairs is the attitude which so many students foster towards the faculty. They feel that the faculty is their forsaken enemy—some sort of tyrannical cabal that conspire to oppress them. They consider their four year course as a great obstacle, which, having been conquered, releases them to a life of ease. We are sometimes prone to forget that our parents are paying the faculty to teach us and that our struggles with Latin, algebra and the several other subjects are only a preface to the great task which lies ahead. We should not fear hard work inasmuch as its effects are beneficial—it makes us stronger and more intelligent, and it brings a happiness whose equal is difficult to find. Let's join the "I Will Work" organization.

ARE YOU A BOOSTER?

We have noted with much satisfaction the tremendous increase in what is usually called school spirit, but what is really the temperament of the school. With such a large group of good natured students, great things can be accomplished and we hope that next year will see a continuation of the good-will which has predominated in our school during the last year. Under the leadership of the present Junior Class, we are certain that next year will be one of the finest in the history of the school. And the secret of the whole thing is organization. The five pillars of school activity, the Athletic Association, Friendship Club, Math Club, Sorosis and Platonians, should contain an aggregate of about twelve hundred next year. Every student should make an effort to belong to at least two of these organizations next year. We shall expect a more interested group of Freshmen to enter the school next September, for under the excellent training they are receiving in the auditorium department of the Junior High Schools, they are certain to take a live interest in school activity. Be a booster!

A FEW WORDS AT PARTING

With a deep feeling of regret we finally bid farewell to the school. We shall not forget the good times we have enjoyed nor the experiences we have passed thru during our course and we want to thank the faculty for their generous help and instruction as well as interest they had in our various organizations. We appreciate now, more than ever before, what these four years have meant.

The Editor is confident that future years will bring forth from the 1919 class some of the gems of their time and that every member will make good in his effort to be of service to the community.

The White and Green



If we could write its meaning clear
in words all short but true,
If we might tell its history dear—
Each phase forever new;
If we could tell you all we know
Of what a class could mean—
We could not find words here below
To describe the "White and Green".

If we'd employ a flowery speech
To fit our purpose now,
Of all the rule books we could reach
They could not tell us how.
We put to you the pure, straight facts
Apart from what they seem,
And flowery words all turn to wax
Beside our old "Nineteen".

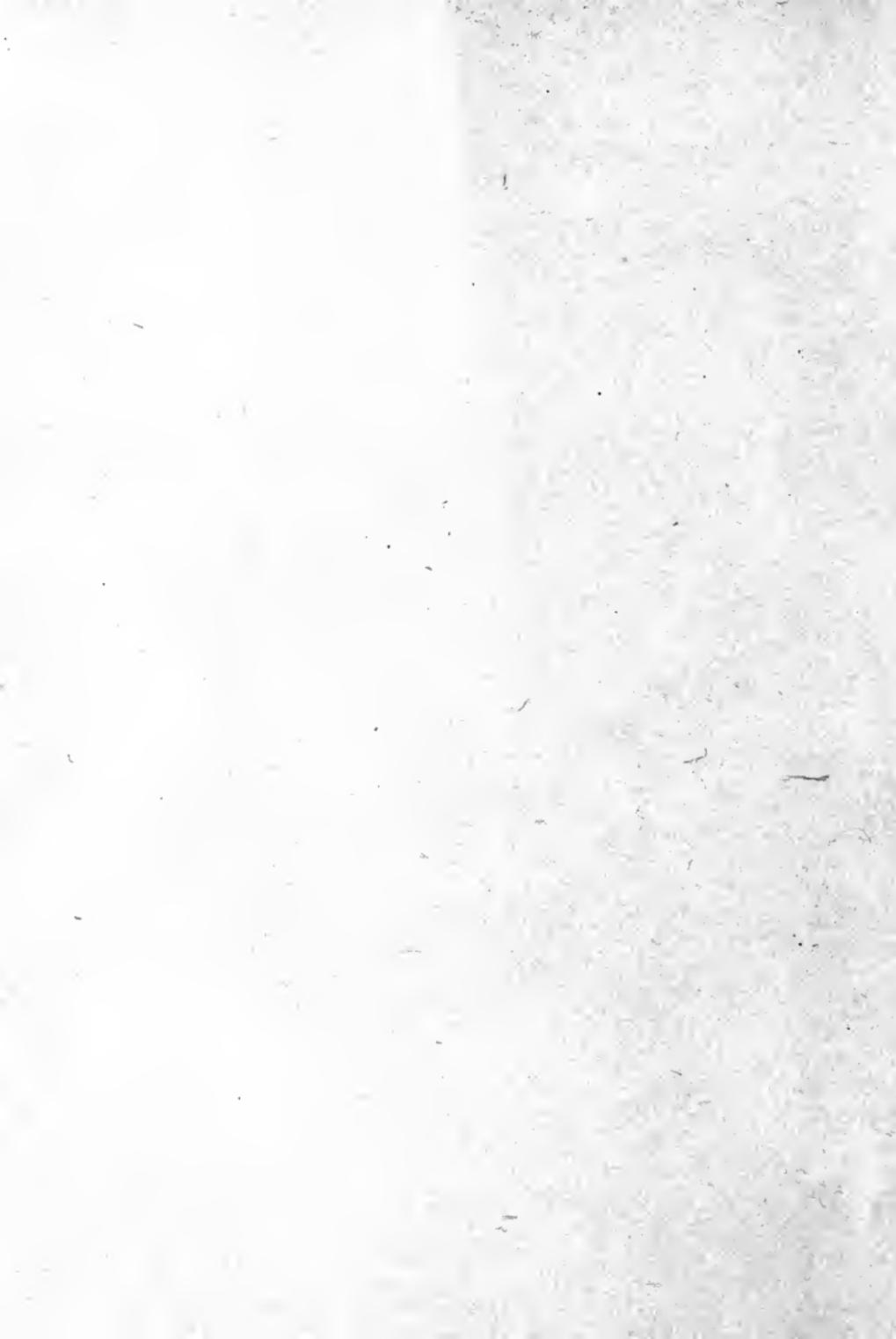
Now, this is all we leave to you:—
But our best days you have known:
The symbol of our colors true—
The "White and Green" alone.

—BESSE N. BANKS, '19.



Literary





For France and One Another

(Marion Barthold, '19.)

It was a beautiful July day. The little French village of St. Xavier bustled about its daily tasks under a cloudless sky. The birds in the tree tops sang joyously, and the heart of Felicite Delatour sang with them, for on this day Jean Gilliard, her old time playmate, would come from the barracks for a three day leave of absence.

She made a hundred impatient journeys to the window, that she might spy him the moment he came in sight down the little street. All delays have an end, however, and at last the boyish figure of the little soldier appeared. Felicite, a little awed by the unfamiliar uniform and the new dignity in Jean's brown eyes, greeted him a little shyly at first, but he was of the opinion that his leave was too short to waste in ceremony.

"What! not even a smile for thy old companion," he cried, laughingly. "Come Felicite, tell me all the news of St. Xavier. How is the mother and little Marie? And have you anything good for a hungry soldier to eat?"

The feeling of strangeness gone, the old comradeship was restored at once. The happy hours passed all too swiftly in joyous laughter and conversation, and sometimes a little shy lovemaking, and in an incredibly short time the moment for parting arrived.

"But you will come back soon," insisted Felicite.

"Surely, yes" laughed the boy, then a shadow fell across his sunny face. "I do not know, Felicite. There are strange things whispered in the barracks these days. Some say there will be war soon. A great man is murdered in Austria and they say France will have to fight."

The girl's face blanched with fear. "Oh Jean, do not say such terrible things. They frighten me. Let us talk of pleasant things this last hour together. Any way, what has France to do with an Austrian?"

"What, indeed?" agreed Jean. "my comrades at the barracks speak nonsense

no doubt. I shall be back soon for good and when I do come back, Hark! the church clock strikes five, I must go, dear one. Goodby, my sweetheart, for a little while." He kissed her, then he was gone.

That was July. A few short days and an alien horde swept ruthlessly across the sunny fields of France toward Paris. St. Xavier lay in the way, therefore St. Xavier, like many another peaceful village, must be crushed. Long months of terror and suffering followed, during which fierce fighting raged around the town. At last, however, comparative quiet ensued. The German lines at that time, lay only a few miles south of St. Xavier, and the headquarters of that division were located in what had once been the town hall.

The Delatour family had no place to go, no relatives out of the danger zone, so they had stayed on in their once beautiful little town. All except Pierre and Francois, that is Felicite's strong, handsome brothers had been summoned at the outbreak of the war and both of them now lay dead on the field of honor, one at the Marne and one on the far off Flemish border. Felicite had not seen Jean Gilliard since that long gone day when they had bidden each other au revoir in a peaceful St. Xavier, but only a week ago she had bad news of him. Not good news, exactly, for Jean lay badly wounded in a hospital in Doray, a village just across the German lines, but it was something to know he still lived.

One day as she went to the barn to feed the one poor cow the Huns allowed to several families, she heard low voices speaking in German. Peeking cautiously out, she saw it was the commander himself conferring with one of his officers. The girl crunched in a corner, afraid lest they spy her. Months of association had rendered her familiar with the hated tongue and she caught a few words of their conversation. Then suddenly she realized that they were making plans to attack Doray in two days.

Doray! And Jean Gilliard lay wounded there. Felicite turned white at the thought and she thought she was going to faint. Then she saw the officers were making ready to go.

"At ten o'clock Thursday night then," she heard one say, then she ran for the house.

Once there, she sat staring in front of her with white, set face, revolving the words she had overheard in her mind.

"If we strike now, it means miles of territory gained. It may be Paris even. Doray is the key to that whole valley."

The commander's words flashed across her brain. Felicite sprang to her feet. It was more than Doray that they were after! The carrying out of their plans meant more than Jean's life even. Great Heavens, it meant the life of France! What should she do? What could she do? The French at Doray must be warned—but how?

"Felicite! Felicite! Come, oh come quick" came at that moment, the terror-stricken cry of her sister. "Hurry, hurry. O papa!"

The girl ran out with terrible fear clutching at her heart. Her father, old and feeble, lay on the doorstep, with a dark red stain slowly growing larger on his breast. Little Marie clung sobbing to his limp hand. Felicite lifted the white head on her lap and the dying man revived for a little.

"A drunken officer—stabbed—with his sword—in his way—goodby," he gasped brokenly, and then he rallied his forces and spoke evenly for a little.

"My daughter, I have but a few moments. There is something I must tell you. In the cellar of this house is a hidden telephone connected with our lines unless it has been discovered in the last few hours. I could only serve my country as a spy, but there has not been much opportunity to give information. If at any time you learn aught, send it to our headquarters, but use caution. This is my dying command. God bless you Pierre Francios——."

With the names of his dead sons on his lips Jules Delatour died.

The two sisters wept together for a while, then the neighbors and the heartbroken mother were summoned and in a little time the father was placed in an unmarked grave in the church yard. There were no burial services, for the church was a ruin and the old cure was dead of a broken heart.

Then at last Felicite realized what her father's words meant to her and France. "A hidden telephone to our lines!" Why, that meant defeat of the German plans and life to France and Jean Gilliard!"

There was no time to lose, of that she was sure. The thing that troubled her was the thought that she might not be able to find the telephone. Her father had not told her just how to find it and she knew it must be well hidden.

Taking Marie with her, she began to search. Several hours passed and she thought she had been over every corner of the place, when Marie, who was amusing herself by hitting the stone walls with a piece of iron to make a ringing noise, said:

"This stone don't ring, Felicite. Why don't it?"

Felicite sprang to her side. In a dark corner, a stone had been removed and a painted board took its place. She found it a difficult thing to remove, but finally it was opened and there stood the telephone! Grasping it, she called and to her great joy she received an immediate answer.

She gasped out her news, then overcome by the excitement and sorrow of the last thirty-six hours she slid to the floor unconscious.

The next few days were terrible, for the French had anticipated the German attack by a few hours and were forcing them back to the north. The people of St. Xavier crouched terrified in their cellars. In the streets, shells bursted every few minutes and the uproar and destruction was frightful.

Now there came a new cry rising above the tumult, a cheer from hundreds of lusty throats. What can it be? Are the Germans pressing on to a fresh onslaught, or"—

"Vive la France! Vive la France!" It is true, no dream this time. St. Xavier has fallen into French hands. The foreign flag is down from the town hall and the beloved Tri-color is being raised; and now the "Marselaise!"

"Ye sons of France awake to glory,
Hark what myriads bid you rise."

Every man, woman and child is singing with all his soul, with tears of joy raining down from his eyes. Vive la France!

"My friends, you rejoice that we have driven out the enemy and well you may, but rejoice still more for a daughter of St. Aanier brought this about. We received a message the other day informing us of important German plans. They intended to strike at Doray on Thursday. If this had been done, many cities would

have fallen, perhaps at last even Paris. But Felicite Delatour warned us in time and France is saved. Come forth Felicite Delatour and receive the thanks of thy people and thy nation."

Felicite was eagerly pushed forward by her excited friends, but she received the congratulations and praise of the officers with modesty.

When at last they let her go she ran to her mother.

"Let us go home," she whispered, "I am so tired."

As they approached the door, they saw a soldier standing there, a soldier, also, who had one empty sleeve. "Poor man," murmured Felicite, then she gave a little cry of joy, and ran to welcome Jean Giliard.

A RESUME

Ah, they're passed those beloved old school days,
Memories of friends and their especial ways.
And now as the darkness steals o'er me,
Comes a dream that never more can be;
The vision clears.

Freshman

It seems but yesterday, it cannot be four years,
That we walked into this dear old High,
While weathered Seniors stood gleefully by;
They gave us directions false and cruel,
We tried to follow each little rule,
Hunting for rooms impossible to find,
While our kind directors stayed behind,
Held their sides, and roared aloud
Watching the antics of our green little crowd;

Yes as Freshmen we walked in fear
But upon our heels came the Sophomore year.

Sophomore

Now the Sophomore year saw a mighty change,
For our optic view had a wider range;
Much more important were we than before—

That's the illusion of the ill-guided Sophomore,

Junior

Now for the Junior, condescending—
So high and mighty there's no unbending,

Knows everything there is to know,
His fellow students praise him so,
Ah yes,—an important fellow is he—
As even the Seniors soon shall see.

Seniors

The Seniors! Resigned to Fate he walks aloft,

As a worn out coat these pranks he's doffed,

He's reached the end, the longed for goal,
And he's bound to play the dignified role,
Altho' parting thoughts may make him sad.

The joys of Commencement make him glad.

The past is ended and now comes anew
the thought of what the future will do,
We must plan the work which our lives shall see,

And ne'er 'till accomplished will it ended be.

Besse Banks, '19.

At the Y. M. C. A. Conference

(Bruce Lockridge '19)

Five boys from Fort Wayne High—Glen Davis, Robert Koerber, Rolland McCurdy, Walker McCurdy and Bruce Lockridge and two alumni, George Crane, Feb. '19, and Donald Price, '18, were the fortunate ones to be chosen to represent Fort Wayne at the middle-west Y. M. C. A. life work. Conference at Chicago on March 7-8.

We left early Friday morning, arriving in Chicago about noon, in time to attend the opening of the conference, which was held at the Y. M. C. A. college. We went with Mr. L. A. Schwan, physical director of the local Y. M., who showed us all through the building before the conference opened. The Y. M. C. A. college at Chicago is an institution for the training of young men for the various fields of Y. M. C. A. work, and has first-class equipment, curriculum, teachers and students.

The conference opened Friday afternoon. Its purpose was not to make the boys decide immediately what their life work would be, or to make them choose life work such as Y. M. C. A. director, minister or missionary, although these vocations were explained to the boys by some of the ablest men in the country in those vocations, but the real and underlying purpose was to help each boy make the best decision regarding his life work and to help him decide what his motive in living this vocation was to be.

The most important principle in choosing a life work should be that of service, service to the world and to the Creator. We should enter that vocation in which we can be of the most benefit to humanity, medicine, ministry, engineering, missionary work, law or Y. M. C. A. service, or any other line of work. And after we choose our life work, we should pursue that vocation, not with the motive of personal gain, but of service, service to all and to the Master. We should conduct our business or pursue our vocation in the

way that will bring about His kingdom here on earth quickest. This is our duty, not only to Him and all the people living in the world today, but to the noble dead and to the future generation. As Edmund Burke, so well known to Seniors, expressed it, "Civilization is a compact between three parties, the noble dead, the living and the unborn." The dead have made possible their sacrifices, the privileges and pleasures which we now enjoy, and it is up to us to do all we can to make these sacrifices count—to pass on to the next generation these blessings plus some more that we have added through sacrifice on our part. And these blessings are secure to the world only as we keep them secure. Democracy isn't safe and secure except as we make it so. All the ideals about which we hear so much will never become triumphant unless we make them triumphant. We won't have a clean enduring peace unless the men and women of America and Europe are willing to pay the price in spite of all the sacrifices that have been made. Democracy must be established all throughout our life. This must be our aim.

And to accomplish this aim, we must concentrate our service to God and to humanity. We must find out that line of service in which we can be of the most service to the world, and we must pursue this service in a way that will make it most effective in helping others. We must size ourselves up. And then we must make our choice.

It was the purpose of the conference to make us come to this realization and every Fort Wayne boy felt it. Everyone of us has gained something from this conference which means a lot to us and which will mean more and more.

A few of our experiences not directly connected with the Conference would probably be interesting, especially some of the comic remarks and actions of our

friend, Glen Davis, whose diverting blunders some intentional and some otherwise furnished boundless enjoyment to all who were with him.

When we went up on the train, we boarded the rear car of the train. We got in the back of this car and practiced some songs and yells we wanted to use at the Conference. We woke up everybody else in the car, and became the object of attention of all eyes and ears. Then whenever we stopped at some burg, we all got on the rear platform of the car and roused the town with a few yells and songs. In this we were soon joined by a gentleman who had been a song leader in Chautauqua work and an officer from Texas. About the time we arrived at the state line we became tired of this and played games until we hit little old Chi.

That night at the supper where all delegates were seated by states, Indiana, and especially Fort Wayne, let everybody else know that she was on hand with a live bunch. We were materially assisted in our yells at supper by, a red-headed friend from Kokomo, who was right there with the goods.

After supper we played basket ball in the Y. M. C. A. college gym until 12:30 and then went to the barracks of the college to hit the hay. When we arrived we found a lively pillow fight in progress in which we joined with characteristic Fort Wayne pep and vigor. Until about 2:30 the air was thick with pillows, blankets, and even the mattresses on the cots while the various state delegations kidded each other. We were just going off to dreamland about 3:00 when suddenly some regular college students sneaked around and overturned about half the fellows in the cots. This made an awful racket and when the fellows were fully awake, they made some more racket. Each state delegation accused some other state of the dastardly outrage. At last we got to sleep at 3:30 and got up at 6:00 next morning.

Saturday night, after the Conference was finished, George Crane, Glen Davis and Bruce Lockridge prevailed upon two

of the students at the college to take them up to the dissecting room on the fourth floor of the building and show them the cadavers. As we mounted each flight of stairs the light grew dimmer and dimmer and the silence more and more oppressive and the moaning of the wind outside more and more like human shrieks, until we were about all in when we came to the door of the room. However, the first few minutes was the worst and after that was over we grew quite interested and inquisitive. The only thing that bothered us was the fact that they were all sliced up and moss was growing out of the eyes of one fellow.

Now for some of Glen Davis's stunts. When he and Bruce went into a restaurant Saturday night, and the first thing that met their eyes was a sign: "Get check from cashier," meaning the check upon which the waiter punches the amount you are to pay to the cashier. Davis read this sign over two or three times, cogitated a few seconds, and then walked up to the cashier and said: "Gimme a quarter's worth of checks."

Sunday noon George, Glen and Bruce went into another restaurant to get dinner and after each had gotten his stuff, Glen suddenly decided he wanted some coffee. In this restaurant also you had to pay the cashier. Glen went to the counter. He got some coffee from the waiter and laid down a nickel. "What's that for?" asked the waiter. "Why, for the coffee," said Glen. The waiter looked at him as if he wondered where Davis had come from and then picked up the nickel and put it in his pocket. Davis says this is the first time he ever tipped a waiter.

When Glen, George and Bruce visited the Field Museum, Davis led them to a cage showing several monkeys, pointed out the largest one, and said, "That's me." Glen evidently believes that confession is good for the soul. And by the way, Glen hasn't recovered yet from not getting to see the "Race of the Fifteen" in the art gallery.

Three Blind Mice

(Helen Crawford '19)

Three blind mice
See how they run
They all ran after a girl
And two were left.
"A—h" exclaimed Milton Mission.
"A—h," from Billy Latern.
And still another "A—h". This
from Jack Norton, the third occupant of
the car standing by the curb.
And a girl walked by.

Milton looked at Billy, Billy looked at Jack and Jack looked at Milton. Each one thought this might be "The Girl". Just before the three had been exchanging friendly glances and remarks concerning the passers by. Now, anyone could see that each one considered the other two fools. What could a girl like that one sees in a fellow like Milton, Jack wondered. Milton was tall, lanky, conspicuously neat with a percievably exaggerated idea of his own importance. He had burdened himself with bow-rimmed glasses, not so much because he really needed them, but more because his pensive attitude was noticeably increased. And as Milton often remarked, "girls just can't help falling for the dreamy pensive fellow." So he immediately set out to acquire that pensive look—the bow-rimmed spectacles were the result, but Jack couldn't see what a girl with a walk like that would want with a fellow like Milton.

Turning to look at Billy, Jack marveled how he would expect that girl to notice him. Yet Jack had to admit this Billy was popular with the girls in his good-natured, grinning way. But Billy was inclined to heaviness—his inclinations seemed to be increasing yearly for Billy simply had to eat sweet stuff and other wonderful tasting foods he liked, even tho they were not good for a slender figure. He was the unhappy possessor of a pair of dimples located in his fat cheeks. Some people attempted to console him by tell-

ing him "not to mind, since they only showed when he smiled any way." Considering the fact that Billy seldom did anything else but smile, this was rather poor consolation. No the Girl would not consider him, that was certain. Jack thought.

According to Milton and Billy, Jack was the Fool. Even tho, so they had been informed a great many times by a great many girls, "he is a perfectly marvelous looking fellow—" here the girls' up-tilted nose expressed what she could not in words, yet they had no serious thought of Jack as a dangerous rival. Indeed, Billy thought he might probably have to consider Milton's abilities a little. Milton had the same idea concerning Billy. Neither one thought much of Jack's chances. What could a girl like that girl must be want with a moody reputed woman-hater like Jack.

Jack had all that a "perfectly marvelous looking fellow" ought to have, black curly hair, blue eyes. He was tall, broad-shouldered, possessing a bull-dog, moody stare, with an athletic build. His reputation at the club was that of a quiet sort of a fellow unless aroused, and then as a quite a few could testify, just the opposite.

It took but a second for these thoughts to pass through the different minds. The next second they were all three on the sidewalk walking after The Girl. Milton, with a shivering look at Billy and Jack said, "I say, fellows, I intend to have her." No one answered, but all three followed The Girl.

In the fifth second Billy turned to say to the others with a disgusted look, "you might as well turn back. Can't you see she's mine?" Neither of the other two answered. All went on.

Even viewed from the back, The Girl, was extremely worth following. Each had seen her red hat and the attractive

outline of her face. He had not seen the dark brown eyes, and the exact amount of stubbornness that freckled nose signified.

A door slammed. The Girl was gone. All three faces had a blank look. Suddenly on Jack's face, there gleamed the first intelligent look any of the three had had since the door slammed. He spoke: "I have a plan. Let me take her house number, find out all I can about her, and meet you two tomorrow at five at the club. I will tell you what I have learned, and we can all three start after her at the same time. Is that all right with you?"

It was all right with Milton and Billy, since they had both decided that Jack wouldn't count. They certainly would have immediately canceled the plan, had they looked behind and seen the satisfied grin on Jack's face. "Tomorrow at five" he kept murmuring to himself as he hurried to the nearest drug store after taking The Girl's house number.

"Information," Jack smiling answering central's "Number." "Could you give me the name and telephone number of 1210 Shrivie avenue?" was Jack's inquiry.

"Mr. Buskin 796," came back information's voice.

"Mr. Buskin," Jack purred. "I'm in luck."

He rushed out of the store, called a taxi and yelled 895 Eighth street, as he shut the door.

At 895 Eighth the office sign of Mr. Gaskin could be seen. After demanding Mr. Buskin he spent a nervous minute waiting for that individual to see him. At last it was his turn. "Mr. Buskin," Jack said, holding out his hand. "Do you remember me. I'm—"

"Well, well, if it isn't little Jack Norton. Where have you been? It's been a long time since you came running over to my house to play with Peggy, hasn't it?"

"Indeed it has Mr. Buskin. That's why I'm here. Can't you invite me out tonight? It's like this, I'd like to meet Peggy again."

Turning on his chair, Mr. Buskin asked for 796. On Peggy's answering, he asked, "May I bring a guest home for dinner tonight. And then, would it be convenient for you to entertain him this evening? Well, that's fixed, my boy."

Peggy, used to her father's demands to entertain some of his particular business associates, accepted both stipulations.

Jack was back after Mr. Buskin, who he confessed, certainly made one of the quickest trips home he ever had. Peggy wasn't there to meet them. Jack began to get anxious—would she remember him, where could she be, and could it be possible she might not be there after all. Here he stopped thinking of anything else but Peggy, for she came in.

With a smile, Mr. Buskin said to Peggy, "Do you remember your old playfellow, little Jack Norton? I've brought him home."

Jack's misery was ended. Peggy rean-suringly answered, "Do I remember Jack Norton? It seems ages since we played together. We certainly did have exciting times walking back and forth to school, didn't we?"

Afterwards Peggy and Jack started for a show. Neither one could tell you much about the show. The truth of the matter is that on reaching the theatre, Jack decided it would be much nicer to merely talk, and furthermore he remembered Billy had seats also. It simply would not do for either Billy or Milton to see Jack with The Girl. He was learning a few things concerning her. He had no doubt of it now, she was The Girl. No wonder he had never had much to do with other girls, since he had known her. How could

he have forgotten about her at college and never written to her as he had intended? What was she saying? Oh, as though he needed to be reminded of the tricks they had played or the fun they had had. Why, they were as clear as day to him. Yes, she was the same Peggy, only he believed he liked her better even than he had then. And that nose wasn't it the cutest stubborn thing? He could feel the

stinging of his cheek yet when she had slapped him for calling it stubborn and then he remembered another time he had felt the same hand. "Do you remember, Peggy, why you slapped me when we were coming home from Grace Lind's party?"

"Would you slap me now?" As she didn't answer Jack presumed she wouldn't so immediately his arm was around her. After four hours together each one had brought back that to his mind, that old affection. Neither especially wanted to go home, but the agony of departure had to be. So after she promised to see him tomorrow night, Jack reluctantly left.

All morning and afternoon Jack would

break intermittently into songs. He kept counting the hours until five.

Billy and Milton were there early wanting to know what he had learned. "It's no use, fellows, she's married." Something funny must have happened on the other side of the room, for Jack actually smiled. Billy's and Milton's faces expressed "I supposed she'd have to be."

But great was the astonishment of Billy and Milton two months later. Billy rushed to Milton's: "Did you get one of these too?" he panted. Milton had. Each looked dumfounded. The cause of all Billy's excitement was the wedding announcement of Peggy Buskin and Jack Norton, and on both was the following in Jack's handwriting:

"Well fellows, isn't she married?"

Supervised Study

(Prof. L. C. Ward, Principal)

Urged partly by necessity, partly because we hope thereby to make this school a still better place in which to live and work, we shall place the program of the school for next year upon a basis of supervised study. The movement toward supervision of study is spreading over the country, especially in the large cities where conditions for study outside the school are least likely to be favorable. It is growing increasingly difficult for the school to obtain its fair share of time in competition with all the other activities of the city; and because few teachers are satisfied with the preparations offered by pupils we shall, for a while at least, try the alternative. Briefly, the new plan involves the lengthening of the class period to sixty-five minutes. Thirty minutes of the period will be given to recitation, thirty-five minutes to preparation of the next day's lesson, under the direction of the teacher with whom the pupil recites. Obviously, most pupils will have made some degree of preparation for each lesson. It is not hoped that many pupils will find thirty-five minutes enough time to prepare an entire lesson; but it is

thought that all pupils will discover the proper method of attack upon their work, with such encouragement as the teacher may see fit to give. There will be seven such periods in the day. Pupils will carry four subjects. Their attendance will not be required, generally speaking, except at such times as they have classes. So far as possible, programs will be made to allow as little free time as possible from the pupil's arrival in the building until his departure. At least half the school will have programs providing one and three-fourths hours at noon. Such pupils must go home for lunch. Session-rooms 18 and 29 will be divided into class rooms. Room 1 will be retained as an over-flow room for pupils whose programs cannot be regularly constructed or who must lunch in the building.

Edward Everett Hale said forty years ago, "School is a place where children recite the lessons they learn at home." That was true, perhaps, forty years ago. We hope, however, that this school will be a place where children learn the lessons which shall make them most useful at home and in the community.

When Gray was Blue and Blue was Gray

(Lucile Simpson '19)

PRELUDE

Time—Fall of 1860.

Place—Several miles from Richmond, and the same distance from Cold Harbor, quite near the Chickahominy River, an old Southern homestead, now found only in the Land of Memories, with the quaint beauty of old Southern homes, the picturesque garden and the busy slaves working for "Marse Tom's Lady"—this now is the masterpiece of your imagination, but it was real in 1860.

Characters: "Marse Toms Lady"—dear, quiet sort of person of black lace shawls and china-like beauty, and a sweet manner quite fitting with her surroundings for she sits by a rippling brook at the edge of the garden, her hands idle in her lap, her eyes following the birds—a picture of quietude in her widow's dress of soft black. By her side sit her daughter Virginia, a rosy boyish girl, full of whims and ever-flowing with a "differentness" made more pronounced by her pretty, old-fashioned ways, daintily working on bits of linen and lace, for she is going back North to school in a fortnight. Stretched on the grass at his mother's feet lies Lawrence, Virginia's twin brother. The girlish fineness of his features and his sensitive expression proves his right as Virginia's twin. He is a quiet, likable chap. One is not surprised to know that his life work will be in the ministry—for even as we watch him we note that it is a theological book which is open before him.

OUR STORY

The scene has not changed—only the people in the scene. The mother sits quietly but not idly; her fingers knit and her mind is busy with many plans. Before her on the grass is her son—now in the Confederate uniform with the insignia of chaplain. We learn through their conversation that Virginia is still North at school.

Preparation for war, the passing of troops, guns and foodstuffs bring the war close to the Pemberton home. The Battles of the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, and Cold Harbor you will remember followed in close succession in the year 1864. You see, then, that the Pemberton household knew the suffering of war—Lawrence with his regiment, no word from Virginia for many months, and scarcely enough food for the Lady and her old faithful servants.

* * *

It was after the battle of Cold Harbor when Chaplain Lawrence, appropriately called Chaplain Gladys, wandered through the rude and temporary hospitals and as he thought of his own home, his mother, his sister, and as he watched the weary stretcher-bearers carry away the dead and bring in the wounded, he thought of the homes of others and the other mothers and sisters who were waiting too. He paused now and then to pray with a dying soldier or take his last message. It was the price of victory—all this dying around him—was it worth it?

He went on among the wounded prisoners and there he went on with his work of mercy—he stopped before the cot of a young man in blue; the young man was weak and probably dying—as the boy (how young he was, too!) turned his head wearily. Chaplain Gladys paled and dropped to the bedside—it was his sister.

Lawrence could not remember how, but in some manner he secured permission to have the young private carried to his home—two miles away.

You have heard of girls masquerading as men in the Civil War and paying the supreme sacrifice, have you not? Virginia was one of these brave girls who carried her disguise there and gave her life.

Mother and son gave the tenderest

care to the brave girl but in vain—in the wee small hours of a calm night, Virginia went Home. Tenderly dressed in the proper dainty laces Virginia was buried in the quiet spot near the rippling brook at the edge of the garden, at gray dawn. The faded and torn blue uniform was solemnly laid away.

Close beside the blue, Mrs. Pemberton gently placed a stained uniform of gray with the insignia of Chaplain on the collar.

The army moved to the South—a certain regiment did not have a chaplain, for Chaplain Gladys had deserted—disappeared over night.

* * *

Several days after the fighting had moved South, Virginia Pemberton, late of the North and later from a hospital in Richmond, arrived to visit her mother. While in Richmond she had the fever so badly that her beautiful curls had been lost. At first, not being very strong, she stayed much to herself, but soon, when Richmond began to send its society folk away, she was well enough to help her mother entertain and show the few Confederate officers that she had not lost her gentility with her curls.

The Pemberton homestead, with sweet quiet lady of the house and her pretty daughter became the center of society—parties, balls and fetes such as are had in wartime.

It was the biggest affair of the Spring season—the old house had not been so gay in many a year—everyone was happy. The great ballroom was aglow with lights, flowers and Southern beauty, the fiddlers were bubbling over with dance music, the stately matrons and their gay young daughters were bewitching to the Confederate officers. The belle of the ball was, of course, Virginia Pemberton—her quaint love locks bound with cherry colored ribbons, her ruffled hoop skirt and old-fashioned flowers greatly added to her charm. Her smile

was especially sought for. It was truly a gala night.

The belle of the ball suddenly disappeared.

Above the gay, frivolous dancers, in her own small room, Virginia was struggling hard—pulling a gray uniform over a blue one. Out of the window, swiftly and safely to the ground by the ivy's friendly aid and our belle was riding in the forest on Blue Grass' back. How different! A military cape flew in the wind, not lace and ribbons—it was a mad ride—on—on—on she rode.

This would be a short ride—the shortest and most important she had ever made—on—on.

She was stopped again and again by Confederate sentries, because she neared Richmond. She produced each time a paper from her coat, a pass for Lawrence Pemberton, Chaplain in the Confederate Army. She passed on—avoiding Richmond and knowingly taking the shortest, unused path.

Then Virginia neared the Union lines, but her horse was too weary to continue. She dismounted and ran on in the darkness. In the forest she removed her gray uniform and carefully hid it. Her blue uniform now makes her a Union soldier. Worn out, she approached the lines—she was challenged by a Union guard. She produced another paper.

"Pass on! V. Pemberton, Aide to General G—"

A stray shot did the work, and she fell.

She had done it—she had delivered the last message.

The war was soon over. Have you guessed Virginia's secret?

Virginia Pemberton was killed before Richmond in 1864. Lawrence Pemberton then became Virginia and a spy in the service of the Union Army. Then he carried information gained from Confederate officers at the Pemberton social affairs through the two opposing lines to his General—thus paying his debt to his sister Virginia.

Society



1918-19 Review

(Naomi Dixon '19)

The past year has been a very active one socially, even though various "Flu" bans caused much postponement and hindered ever so many attempts toward meetings, parties and dances. socially, even though various "Flu" bans much postponement and hindered ever so many attempts towards meetings, parties and dances.

The three greatest events of the year were the Play, Caldron Vaudeville and the Commencement dance. The Senior play was given March 27 and 28 at the Majestic theatre under the direction of Mr. Charles Franklin. The committee, who selected the play certainly used good judgment when they decided to give "How Could You, Mabel!" and the members of the cast deserve much praise for the way in which they carried it through. Financially also, it was a great success.

The Commencement dance is to be given June 20 at the Anthony ballroom. As the annual goes to press before the dance, the details cannot be given here, but everyone is looking forward to this dance as the biggest social event of the year, and we are all assured of a mighty good time. And then too, the Seniors are planning a picnic for the last week of school.

On the evening of May 9, the Caldron Staff gave the Caldron Vaudeville in the auditorium of the high school. The entertainment consisted of ten big acts which were thoroughly enjoyed by everyone. Since the purpose of the two performances was to help the Annual financially, it was a huge success.

March 12 was the evening chosen by the Juniors for that famous annual Junior Prom. The dance took place at Trier's dancing academy, where Trier's orchestra furnished the music. The affair was really a huge success and Junior class officers deserve much credit for their efforts toward making it so successful. The hall

was especially decorated for the evening.

At Easter time the usual good times broke forth after Lent, and many dances, parties and different social functions were enjoyed. The Alpha Omega girls started the ball rolling by giving a big dance in the Anthony ballroom on Tuesday evening, April 2. The hall was beautifully decorated in spring blossoms. The active members of the Sorority are: Malinda, Martha and Sophia Irmscher, Margaret Albersmeyer, Louise Baade, Beatrice Baltes, Mary Eunice Eaton, Helen Pape, Katherine Rauch, Gladys Young, Junetta Schoch, Phyllis Potter, Esther Yergens, Mildred Archer and Ruth Tepper. The chaperones were Mr. and Mrs. Max Irmscher, Mr. and Mrs. Charles G. Pape and Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Baade. It certainly was a good start and everyone had a fine time.

On Friday evening, April 25, the Qui Vives kept the ball moving by giving a dance in the ballroom of the Anthony. The affair was semi-formal. Dickerson's orchestra furnished the music for the occasion. The dance was in charge of the following active members of Qui Vive: Kathleen Rohan, Margaret and Leola Strieder, Georgiana and Ellen Hudson, Lucille Franke, Margaret Heine, Lenora Moffatt, Isabelle Freeman, Virginia Thieme, Mervyn Pidgeon, Theodosia McKeeman, Charlotte Auger, Dorothy Wolf, Phyllis Bales, Julia Calhoun, Charlotte Mahurin, Margaret Ann Keegan, Louise Metzger, Julia Bash, Elizabeth Urbahns, Sarah Randall, Katherine and Helen Willson and Naomi Dixon. The chaperones were Mr. and Mrs. Sam Wolf, Mr. and Mrs. M. S. Mahurin, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Barnes, and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bales. Betty McColloch and Betty Greenland, in dainty frocks of yellow and white distributed the programs.

Last of these delightful Easter festivi-

ties came the Eta Alpha annual dance on Friday, May 2, catching up that rollong ball with much enthusiasm. The dance took place in the ball-room of the Anthony, with music furnished by Dicker-son's orchestra. The dance was given with the aid of the alumni, by the following active members: Katherine Lose, Adelaide Kraus, Irene Liggett, Helen Mikesell, Hildegrade Schick, Elma Centlivre, Margaret Hosford, Mary Bueret, Mary Haller and Selma Swift.

During the last season the Camp Fires have been very busy. There are now four active groups in High School—Tankadoona, Kilsoquah, Turtelotte, Etoka and Wahintu. They are all very enthusiastic workers as is shown by the honors the girls have won. These Camp Fires joined in giving a vaudeville, Feb. 5, in the High School Auditorium. The money received was given for the French War Orphans. The vaudeville was a great success, both as an entertainment and financially as the auditorium was "packed to over-flowing."

The Sorosis and Platonian Literary Societies have shown much enthusiasm in their work during the past semesters, not only at their regular fortnightly meetings, but in taking part in various debates, plays and entertainments. The Sorosis entertained the Platonians with a Valentine Party on the evening of February 13, at the Chamber of Commerce. Many members of both societies were present. The various forms of entertain-

ment were followed by a delicious lunch. The two societies gave a clever play "The Mouse Trap," on May 2.

The Friendship club has indeed been active during the past year. Their work has been very enthusiastic at their meetings, which were held at the Y. W. C. A. In addition to several "hikes and bakes" they have given various delightful entertainments, including the Faculty Tea, the Party for Parents, a large Banquet and a Track Meet, which was especially enjoyed.

The Math Club was very successful this year. They held regular meetings at the High School. At these meetings, talks were given by various teachers on subjects pertaining to Mathematics, followed by Mathematical wrinkles and games. The programs were always ended with light refreshments.

On Friday evening, April 11, the Freshmen had a little party for Freshmen only, which they held in the High School. According to the various accounts of the children who attended this "wonderful entertainment" the evening was made quite enjoyable by means of a mock wedding—bride, Helen Pape and bridegroom, Donald McKeeman; a large county fair, consisting of a freak show, fish pond and museum. After these came the "snappy sports"—the Freshmen ran sack races and some other kind too—oh, not at all usual—but where one plays with "Lights." Refreshments consisted of ice cream cones and candy.





SOME CARICATURES OF THE SENIOR PLAY

SCALETOR







SENIOR CLASS OFFICIALS

Edward H. White	- - - - -	President
Helen G. Warner	- - - - -	Vice-President
Frank J. Travers	- - - - -	Caldron Editor
Herbert G. Stephens	- - - - -	Caldron Business Manager

SOCIAL COUNCIL

Louise Baade		Gertrude Schweln
	Marceille Eggeman	
Miss Eva Wingert	- - - - -	Faculty Advisor



Class Colors	- - - - -	Green and White
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CLASS YELL

Rah, Rah, White!
 Rah, Rah, Green!
 Fort Wayne High
 Nineteen!

History of the Senior Class

(Irene Liggett.)

The class of 1919 entered the High School in February and September of 1915 were organized soon after the beginning of the fall semester by the Juniors. Our Freshman officers were chosen as follows: President, Darwin Myers; Vice-President, Erna Bruns; Secretary-Treasurer, John Watt; Social Council, Louise Baade, Bess Banks, Harry Keller, Miss Williams and Mr. Tyner were chosen to guide us through our troubles. Green and white were selected as our class colors and the class pins were decided upon. Our first party was given at Unity hall and was a huge success. Later during the year we gave another party in the school which proved even more enjoyable than the first one. At the party our upper class mates thought their presence necessary and the crowd was rather large. Altogether our Freshmen year was not a failure by any means.

Next year we were given the title of Sophs and we felt that we were fully able to carry on our own affairs and the first thing we did was to have an election of officers. They were: President, John Watt; Vice-President, Edward White; Secretary and Treasurer, Herbert Stephens; Social Council, Helen Warner, Louise Baade and Elmer Wilkens. Mr. Malott and Mrs. Edson were chosen as faculty advisors.

After many weeks of waiting for something to happen, a large party was given at the school and later followed another one at which an interesting indoor track meet was held in the lower hall. No records were broken either. The famous Agony quartette rendered some music and of course every one danced. After having these few social affairs we felt duly ready to enter our Junior year with much vim and enthusiasm.

One of our most eventful years was the Junior year, which everyone will remember. Edward White was unanimously elected as President, Robert Warren, Vice-President; Helen Warner, Secretary and Treasurer, and Louise Baade, Irene Liggett and Herbert Stephens on the social council. The first thing we did was to organize the Freshmen, as is the custom. A few weeks later we gave a benefit at the Orpheum theatre and that helped to settle some of our financial difficulties. On Washington's birthday we held our Caldron election.

On Tuesday, April 16, 1918, the Junior Class gave a Junior Prom, complimentary to the Seniors. It was given at Tanners and was a great success. This ended the social affairs of our Junior year and we were to begin anew as Seniors, the goal for which we had strived so long a time to reach.

As Seniors (that's what they call us now and we're proud of it, too!) we have had a mighty hard time of it this year because it seemed that the "flu" ban was on most of the time during the first semester, but we succeeded in having an election of officers before the first ban was proclaimed. The officers are: President, Edward White; Vice-President, Helen Warner; Secretary and Treasurer, Miller Ellingham, Social Council, Louise Baade, Gertrude Schwehn and Marcellie Eggeman. When we got back in school again the Senior Play cast was picked by Coach Mr. Chas. Franklin. Then a date was set for the play and on account of the "flu" it was delayed until March 27 and 28. The coming of the play aroused much enthusiasm, especially among the upper class. The play, "How Could You Mabel" was given at the Majestic on the dates stated and was a grand success. The members of the cast were: Louise Baade, as Mabel Churchill; Marcellie Eggeman, as May Churchill; Florence Merritt, as Lady Agnes Southerland; Irene Liggett, as Georgie Sherwood; Miller Ellingham, as Captain Donald Churchill; Russell Fishack, as Lieutenant Arthur Lawton; Harry Salom, as Lord Thethil Thtaunton Thouterland; and Frank Shelton, as John Woodruff,

a West Point cadet. Every member of the cast took his part excellently and in a manner worthy of a professional actor.

On Friday afternoon and evening the Caldron vaudeville was given in the Auditorium and a large number of Seniors took part. The Vaudeville was most enjoyable and a very large audience was present at each performance.

The Seniors were the guests of the Mathematics Club at a delightful party given on Friday evening, June 6. A splendid entertainment was given us and we surely appreciate the kindness of the Math Club in honoring us at this party.

Announcements were secured early in May and plans for the Commencement were completed by our president in plenty of time. The Baccalaureate services were held at the First Presbyterian church on Sunday, June 15, Rev. H. B. Masters preaching the sermon. We certainly looked fine in our caps and gowns and the ceremony was most impressive. A group photograph of the entire class bedecked in caps and gowns was taken by a local photographer.

Individual photographs of the graduates were finished on June 9th and we were much pleased with our high class photos bearing our classpin embossed in gold.

Commencement exercises were held at Majestic on Thursday evening, June 19th. We shall not forget the impressiveness of this occasion nor the pangs of regret which we left as we severed our connections with the school.

The last great farewell—the Commencement Dance, was given on Friday evening, June 20, in the ballroom of the Anthony hotel. Over one hundred couples enjoyed the splendid time, music being furnished by a six-piece orchestra. The programs were very neat. It is with a deep feeling of regret that the Senior class says "Good bye" to the school, but our history in the Fort Wayne High is ended and we start on a new era of our history as we step out into the world.

The Intelligence Contest

An intelligence contest, devised by the State Board of Education was given to the Senior Class under Mr. Ward's direction and the following received the highest grades out of a possible 190:

William Kapelle	170
John Gieser	167
Alfred Weil	165
Lucille Simpson	161
Melvin Honeck	161

Honor Students

Marie Umbach	95.57
Estella Owen	95.45
Bruce Lockridge	95.45
George Crane	93.66
Noble Lachot	91.70
Helen Crawford	90.6
Naomi Dixon	90.6
John Geiser	90.
Katherine Chambers	89.7
Frank Travers	89.58
Maude Shaffer	88.6
Marian Barthold.....	88.1

Class Prophecy

(J. C. W.)



THOUGHT I would surely be welcomed by a brass band or at least about fifty angel harpists, but, no, nothing of the sort occurred. I found myself sitting on dry ground with nothing in sight but a small hazy cloud about a block away slowly dissolving itself into nothing.

"Ah!" thought I. "My carriage. But where am I? This doesn't seem to be Heaven, and it can't be 'Hades'. I remembered bidding Professor Ward and the janitor good-bye while in the hospital and then as things were turning hazy I recollect that I seemed to be going up in a mist. So I reasoned I must have arrived in the cloud that had just disappeared.

To all appearances this land I was in seemed to be on the earth except for one strange phenomenon — there were two moons in the sky. Two moons—let's see, wasn't it Professor Malott at Northwestern who tried to pound into my head that Mars had, let's see again, was it two moons? Yes, Phobos was one and—ah, well, why bother about it, this must be Mars.

I brushed the dust from my "Palm Peaches" and started to walk. Yes, I still possessed my earthly clothes. Although I felt a little queer at first, I noticed no great difference between existing on Mars and on the earth. There was plenty of air to breathe although it seemed awfully dry. I seemed to weigh no more than I did on the earth. All around I was almost satisfied, that is, a'bout everything but my curiosity. Hence I started my meanderings.

Away off in the distance in the center of an arid region I noticed an artificial looking inverted cone. Ah! Maybe there was life on Mars. I would see anyway. It surely looked like some kind of human handiwork. As I drew nearer I heard a

low humming sound coming from a small mound near the cone. This quickened my feet. The cone was about two hundred feet high and about a block across at the top. Inverted, you know. As I looked closer the thing seemed to leap into life. There were myriads of small brown discs, which composed the cone, each revolving at a high rate of speed.

"What in peannts are *you* doing here?"

I turned quickly and saw a man, old and gray standing in the door of the mound from which the humming sound came. I was too surprised to answer immediately.

"Oh, a—u-nothing," I stammered.

"Huh?"

"For Pete's sake, can't a man be alone five weeks any way?" the old man said. "I thought I'd given orders that none of you boob-brained idiots could come within a thousand teks of this place for three years!"

"Oh, a—why y'see, I—a, just dropped in to——"

"Do you mean to tell me that you're from the earth—just arrived?" exclaimed the old man.

I nodded in assent.

"Shake, old man, shake," he said, "so'm I—I-fallyburg, N. Y.—never heard of it? That doesn't matter. So you hail from Mother Earth. Congrats! You're the only other human on this planet excepting Martians—and they, Oh, man! Don't mention 'em."

I interrupted long enough to tell my story. Then he chuckled.

"Thought you hit heaven, eh? Well, you're not the only one who was fooled. Ever since they've appointed Frank Travers as the general traffic manager of the Celestial Transportation Company they've had to drop passengers all over the universe until they could find accommodations to take them directly to Heaven. I've been waiting here for eighteen years

now, and not a chance in sight as yet, but I'm not worried."

"Do you know Frank Travers?" I asked quickly.

"Oh, only by his reputation," answered the old man whose name by the way was James Murphy—Jim.

"You see," he continued, "he's in great demand now. All the big bugs in Heaven are either away on vacations, on lecture tours, or attending business or chautauquas.

"But you don't mean to say that Frank is dead?"

"Yes, I think he was appointed 'way back in '26."

"Way back in twenty-six?" I exclaimed. "Do you mean nineteen twenty-six—A. D.?"

"Sure, what did you think I mea—,

"Oh! I see! he laughed, "you still think it's the same year that you died in. I hate to jolt you, but it's my sad duty to inform you that it's not nineteen nineteen, but nineteen thirty-three—A. D."

"You see," Jim went on, "you've probably been sidetracked around the universe until you were dropped here for future reference. Nee place to stop off, and nice time too," Jim said, "for I've just perfected my ray-gathering speculum that enables me to read a Chicago newspaper on the earth as plainly as if I held it in my own hand. Come on in and I'll explain it."

He led me into the low mound where queer blue lights revealed still more queer machinery revolving, turning and twisting in all sorts of directions.

"These engines," Jim explained, "turn the small light-gathering discs out on the cone, which you've probably noticed. The rays from the earth striking each disc are concentrated into one eyepiece. Just have a look."

I looked.

Behold! The first person that centered my gaze was Louis Ward. Still the same old Louie except minus a few hairs and plus a few wrinkles. And he was coming out of the Senate chamber in Washington. Well! Well! Prof. Ward a senator!

Suddenly a brilliant thought struck me. "Say," I turned toward Jim, "would

there be any way I could see my old high school class mates—the Nineteen-Nineteen Class?"

"It would be an easy matter," replied Jim, "if you had their present addresses."

I was determined to hang onto Prof. Ward and watch him for any clew. Luck, rich luck, was with me. Pretty soon he stopped and, sitting down on a bench in a park, began to read the *Washington Times*.

I got a good focus on the paper and began to read it too. Down in a society column I noticed that Ed White, the factory manager of Montgomery, Campbell & Company's great mail order house, was suing his wife for divorce. When Senator Ward came to this it stirred him to action. He smiled broadly—reached into his inner coat pocket and brought out a large list of names. As I live, or don't live, it was a list of a lot of F. W. H. S. graduates, included in them the whole nineteen-nineteen class with addresses too! He was copying the names and addresses on another sheet of paper. Evidently some publicity work, for all the 'to students were voters now—the girls included!

"Quick," I yelled to Jim, "take this stuff down!"

As Senator Ward read down the list I read the names and addresses of all the 'to graduates off to Jim, who copied them on paper for me.

* * * * *

The next day Jim and I started the long and tedious hunt after the 1919 graduates of old F. W. H. S. The hunt lasted over three months, too, but it was worth it. I won't give the particulars of our work, but will let the gentle reader know what the various members of '19 were doing in 1933.

* * * * *

Bruce Lockridge caused us the most trouble because he never came home. We ran upon him accidentally in Cleveland one day orating from a soap box. He and Eugene V. Debs were running an anti-everything law firm—Debs was still in jail.

Ed White, as I have already said, was factory manager for Montgomery, Campbell & Company in Chicago, Red Cim-

bell donating the latter half of the firm's name.

Bud Meyers was a bank teller in Spokane, Wash.

Wayne Morill operated a wireless telegraph station in the same city.

The Dean of Wellesley College turned out to be Lucille Simpson, while Marie Umbach ran a close second by being director of the board of education in New York City.

New York seemed to have quite a few attractions for the '19 alumni. Edna Maxwell was an athletic director in the Y. W. College there. Even Harry Thomas was selling catchers' mitts there. George W. Crane was a philosopher of no little note in Brooklyn. Si Maiers was operating one of the world's largest junk shops on East 124th street. The artist for the comic section of the New York Sun was Florence Merritt. Besse Banks helped her. Helen Klebe was a cashier in a southside restaurant.

The advertising department of Tiffany & Co., was managed by Helen Warner.

Herbert Carter was running a dance hall, with a chain of shoe stores as a side line. At Fort Wayne there were still a few of the old members hanging on. John Gieser was still flirting with the girls at Aurentz's. Off hours he was a traffic cop at the corner of Barr and Lewis. A magnificent edifice was erected on this corner, by the way. It bore the inscription, "Fort Wayne Public High School—Reg. U. S. Pat. Office." The only thing the matter with it was the lack of a gymnasium. However, the plans for one were drawn and the gym was planned to be built within the next five years, as soon as the present high prices should go down. Paul Hobrock was running Trier's with Florence Gruber as his chief mechanic. His noteworthy cousin, Ray Hobrock, was settled in Arcola writing jokes for the *Literary Digest*.

I forgot to mention that we found Melvin Honeck in New York playing a saxophone in the Philharmonic Orchestra. He had achieved enviable fame there as a vegetable producer.

Naomi Dixon was running a school which proffered its graduates a degree of M. V. (Master Vampire).

Marcellie Eggeman, of course, was an artist on the Chi Trib force. Flora Gerberding was a stenog there, while Arnold was only a cub reporter.

Returning to Fort Wayne, we unearthed a few more of the '19 alumni. Bill Eikenbary decided to follow the hodcarriers' profession. His private secretary was Glen Davis.

Sara Goldberger and Esther Graham were both waitresses in the Summit City. Dorothy Corey, Mary Trevey and Garnet Waters were teachers in F. W. H. S., while Dick Evans was head janitor there.

Melvin Cook dispensed sodas at D. Fairfield's greatest department store.

At Indianapolis Bill and I ran across Fairy Felger and Karl Feiertag organizing the International Bolshevik Brotherhood.

Irene Johnson, Julia Hamlet and Marjorie Long were all married and settled peacefully in Fort Wayne.

Herb Werkman, Doug Thompson and De Witt Jones were in the army. Privates and otherwise. Wilyum Kappelle had an A. B. after his name and was head of the math department at Indiana U.

Irene Liggett and Louise Baade were operating a vampire correspondence school in Los Angeles. Russell Fishack was exhibit A. In the same town Lloyd Grosvenor owned and operated a chain of two shoe-shining establishments.

Late one evening Jim and I picked up Herb Lindenburg with the cone, just as we were about to quit for the day. He had just tried to commit suicide by hanging, but the clothes line was made of paper. Evidently he just discovered that Mary Pickford was married. George Koons was the ambulance driver who took him to the hospital.

The Grand Central Station at New York brought out a few of the objects of our hunt. Bernice Brown was running a news stand. Lloyd Place, Ray Swank, Harry Salon and Les Wahrenburg were all employed there as first class baggage crushers. Al Weil was train caller.

Wayne Roberts, ever faithful, was a janitor in Estelle Owen's apartment house in Montana.

Frank Shelton made millions out of the thirteen barber shops he owned in Bos-

ton. William Simon worked in one of them.

Agnes Riley operated a candy kitchen at Atlantic City, where Gladys Newingham and Helen More were waitresses. Edna Cunnison and Edith Breeden were stenographers at Montgomery - Campbell's in Chicago.

Hilda Leasure realized the height of her ambitions when she obtained the position of head librarian in Pittsburgh.

Marian Barthold was a missionary in China. She was aided by Mildred Cook.

Among those who failed to make good were Ethel Shroyer, Gladys Virginia Alberts and Maude Shaffer, who all became teachers in Indiana schools.

Evelyn Steele was a taxi driver in Portland, Ore. Oh, yes, it was all the vogue then.

Doug Thompson was just completing his new "near tobacco" cigarette factory. Lay in your private stock now! It hasn't the real kick.

The head surgeon at Meribah Ingham's cat and dog hospital was Ernest Smith.

Charles Ashley, still in the navy, was the head cook on the U. S. battleship Indiana.

Ralph Bromelmeir conducted a gymnasium for mental paralytics in India.

Allegra Leverton was running for mayoress (or is it mayrix?) of Battle Creek, Mich. Rosamond Noll was conducting evangelistic meetings in the same town. Gladys Bisson was her chief vocalist.

Ruth Entrodacher, Mabelle Figel and Katherine Dinklage were all settled peacefully on farms.

Helen Crawford married Bitner, of course.

Reva Ceasar simply had to teach second year Latin in Chicago. Edna Daseilar and Elsie Bell taught in the same school. Chicago supported Kenneth Dutton thru the medium of a vaudeville stage. Kurt Brueckner was Dutton's handy man. He invariably got signals mixed and made some really exciting acts which accounted for Ken's fame.

Lawrence Bloom was an engineer for the Honeymoon Limited Taxicab Com-

pany in New Orleans. Lottie Donk and Adria Endinger were two of his patrons.

Elverta and Rena Epler were ballet girls in Naomi Eggeman's 1933 Revue. Speaking of the stage reminds me that we found no less than five Nineteen Nineteen alumni on that well-trodden place in one day. Mary Trevey, Ruth Yousc, Beryl Strebig, Jessie Tower and Gladys Robbins were the guilty ones.

Freida Tarletz had her headquarters at Schzonovitch, Russia, where she was an assistant secretary of a women's Bolshevik club. Velma Lackey had practically the same position in Siberia.

Lucille Miller was manager of a millinery store in Idaho, the same state in which Helen More had an asparagus ranch.

Bernice Nay was the head bookkeeper in Henry Ford's new airplane plant.

Gert Schweln was coaching the Illinois University girls' basketball team. Hope Roose and Helene Meyers were waitresses in the Lincoln Park zoo in Chicago.

Laura Kirkoff was a councilwoman in the Fifth Ward of San Francisco. Helen Lucas was married and still existing there.

Alice Hand was trading Woolworth products to the South Sea Islanders for pearls. Margaret Koch was on an extensive tour of the world, while Hilda Hattendorf was making a dash for the center of the earth in her newly invented "earth perambulator."

Carolyn Kell was a book agent in New York and Ruth Lutcy was organizing an anti-slum movement in the same city. Helen Kuttner, last but not least, was a bank president in New Hampshire.

* * * * *

There were several members of the class that Bill and I could find no trace of. We didn't know whether they were living or dead, so, if any Nineteen Nineteens have been overlooked we assure them that it was unintentional, and, if they wish, they can show their appreciation by sending a check or money order to the author. No stamps accepted.

FOLLOWING ARE THE PHOTOGRAPHS OF THOSE WHO HAVE LABORED DILIGENTLY TO GAIN THE COVETED GOAL OF KNOWLEDGE. IN SCHOOL ACTIVITIES, ATHLETIC AND SOCIAL, THEY HAVE EVER BEEN FOREMOST. MAY THEIR FUTURE ACHIEVEMENTS BEAR FORTH THE SPLENDID REPUTATION OF THE SCHOOL.

Epitaph Committee

The following committee deserves great credit for its splendid work in securing "Epitaphs" for the graduates: Helen Warner, Gertrude Schewhn, Louise Simpson, Estelle Owen, Helen Crawford, Eugenia Chambers, Meribah Ingham, Naomi Dixon.

Gladys Virginia Alberts.

"Yet taught by time, my heart has
learned to glow
For others' good and melt at others'
woe."

Louise Edith Baade. "Maidie".

Social Council (4 years), Senior Play, Announcement Committee, Caldron Staff (2 years).

"Her deep blue eyes smile constantly,
As if they had by fitness
Won the secret of a happy dream
She doesn't care to speak."

Naomi Besse Banks. "Bess."

Social Council Freshman year, Class Pin Committee, Sorosis, Friendship Club, Mathematics Club, Class Basketball team, Varsity team, Caldron Vaudeville, Caldron Staff.

"Wholesome and happy, gay and care free,
And all of the things a girl should be."

Marian Edith Earthold.

"The noblest mind the best contentment has."

Elsie R. Bell.

"A sweet disposition is ever a good trait."





Memory Edith Breeden.

Sorosis, Math Club.

"Her very frowns are fairer far
Than smiles of other maidens are."

Naomi Anna Bill.

"A tender heart
A will inflexible."

Gladys Dorothy Bisson.

"She came adorned hither like sweet
May."

Lawrence Bloom.

Senior Basketball team.

"To be good rather than conspicuous."

Ralph Henry Bromelmeier. "Brom".

"Bashfulness is the ornament of
youth."

Bernice Murray Brown.

Friendship Club, Math Club.

"Kind hearts are more than coro-nets."

Kurt Ernest Brueckner.

Platonian.

"An honest man's the noblest work
of God."**Kenneth Henry Campbell. "Red".**Platonian, Math Club, Varsity Track team
('18 and '19), Varsity Basketball (Senior
year), Advertising Manager of Caldron."True worth he ever did possess
Emblazoned fair in colors bright."**Darl Francis Caris.**"We grant, although he had much
wit,
He was very shy of using it."**Herbert Reed Carter. "Herbie".**

Caldron Staff, Platonian.

"We are gentlemen
That neither in our hearts nor out-
ward eyes
Envy the great, nor do the low
despise."



Zilpha Alice Carter.

"The world means much to the capable."

Reva Bertha Ceasar.

"By my troth, a pleasant spirited lady!"

Katherine Eugenia Chambers. "Gene".

Sorosis, Friendship Club, Math Club, Honor Student, Caldron Staff.

"She stands high in the hearts of those who know her."

Roscoe Gary Coburn.

Manager Senior Basketball Team, Varsity Track team.

"The wise man reflects before he speaks."

Melvin Reed Cook.

"A little nonsense now and then Is relished by the best of men."

Mildred Katherine Cook.

Friendship Club.

"Few things are impossible to diligence and skill."

Dorothy Elizabeth Corey. "Dot".

Sorosis, Friendship Club, School Orchestra.

"Quiet and self-contained; earnest and sincere."

George Washington Crane.

Honor Student.

"Wisdom he has, and to his wisdom courage;
Temper to that, and unto all success."

Helen Winifred Crawford.

Sorosis, Math Club, Chairman Program Committee, Friendship Club, Class Basketball team (Sophomore, Junior and Senior years), Varsity (Senior year), Champion Tennis Singles (Junior year), Honor Student.

"One only care your gentle breast
should move—
The important business of your life
is love."

Edna Irene Cunnison.

Executive Council Sorosis (Junior year),
Math Club.

"A face with gladness overspread!
Soft smiles by human kindness
bred."





Edna Marjorie Daselar.

Friendship Club.

"If the heart of a man is oppressed
by cares,
The mist is dispelled when she
appears."

Glen Cowan Davis.

"Altogether too good for this wicked
world."

Katherine Mary Dinklage.

Math Club.

"As merry as the day is long."

Naomi Ellen Dixon.

"Babe".

Caldron Staff, Treasurer Sorosis (two
terms), Math Club, Honor Student.

"Oh, I have ease and I have health
And spirits light as air;
But more than wisdom, more than
wealth,
A heart that laughs a care."

Lottie Margrete Donk.

Math Club.

"The cautious seldom err."

Kenneth Dorn Dutton. "**Ken**".

Math Club, Caldron Vaudeville,

"Fashioned so slenderly."

Marceille Waive Eggeman "**Eggie**".Social Council (Senior year), Caldron Staff
(2 years), Caldron Vaudeville, Senior
Play Committee, Senior Play, Math Club,
Friendship Club.

"What winning graces,
 What majestic mien!
 She moves a goddess,
 And looks a queen."

Naomi Ruth Eggiman."Gentle of speech, beneficent of
 mind."**William Neal Eikenbary.**

"He was a man, take him for all in
 all;
 I shall not look upon his like
 again."

Audria Parker Endinger."They are never alone that are ac-
 companied with noble
 thoughts."



Ruth Anne Entrodacher.

Friendship Club.

"She was—but words would fail to tell the what;
Think what a woman should be and she was that."

Elverta Winifred Epler.

"The still small voice of gratitude."

Reva Epler.

"Thou hast no sorrow in thy song;
No winter in thy year."

Florence Merritt.

Caldron Vaudeville, Senior Play.

"The light of love, the purity of grace,
The zeal for art, gleam from her face."

Richard Bunton Evans.

Platonian.

"The world means much to the capable."

Doral Hart Fairfield.

Platonian, Track team.

"He knew what's what and that's
as high
As metaphysic wit can fly."

Karl Martin Feiertag.

Platonian, Math Club, Caldron Staff.

"When I said I would be a bachelor,
I did not think
I should live till I were married."

Elmer Theodore Felger.**"Fairy".**

"A quiet, steady, earnest youth."

Mabelle Figel.

Sorosis, Caldron Vaudeville, School Orchestra.

"A disposition that's sweet and
sound;
A girl who's a comfort to have
around."

Russell Edmund Fishack.**"Fuzz".**

Caldron Staff, Senior Play, Platonian, Math Club.

"In fact for you I sound the solemn
note:
Beware the dangers of the petti-
coat."





Maurice John Gaskins. "Percy".

Football team, Class Basketball team.

"And when a lady's in the case
You know all other things give
place."

Arnold Herman Gerberding. "Bud".

Math Club, Platonian.

"So sweetly she bade me adieu
I thought that she bade me return."

Flora Ann Gerberding. "Flo".

Sorosis, Friendship Club, Secretary-Treasurer Math Club (one term), Class Basketball team, Captain Senior year, Champion Tennis Doubles.

"Full of fun and mischief too,
Doing things she shouldn't do."

John Carl Gieser.

Honor Student, President Math Club.

"A snapper up of unconsidered trifles."

Sara Ann Goldberger.

"In simple and pure soul I come
to you."

Esther Jane Graham.

Friendship Club.

"A good heart's worth its weight in gold."

Herbert Lloyd Grosvenor.

Executive Committee Platonian Society, Director School Orchestra.

"Save thee friend and thy music."

Julia Margaret Hamlet.

Math Club, Friendship Club.

"I have found you an argument,
I am not obliged to find you an
understanding."

Alice Lucile Hand.

Friendship Club.

"Infinite riches in a little room."

Hilda Marie Hattendorf.

Friendship Club, Math Club.

"Beauty is based on riches."





Paul Henri Hobrock. "Heine".

Caldron Staff '16 and '17, Stage Manager
Caldron Vaudeville, Advertising Manager
Senior Play.

"A man cannot cultivate his talent
and his mustache impartially."

Raymond Henry Hobrock. "Ray."

Math Club, Caldron Vaudeville, Caldron
Staff.

"Fair science frowned not at his
birth."

Melvin George Honeck.

Math Club, School Orchestra.

"He took the saxophone from off the
shelf."

Meribah Winifred Ingham.

Varsity Basketball team '18 and '19, Caldron
Staff, Sorosis Historian.

"My lassie has a manner kind,
A sweeter face was ne'er devised.
She's gentle, too—I could ne'er find
A maid that I so dearly prized."

Irene Johnson.

"The mildest manner with the
bravest mind."

De Witt Clinton Jones. "De".

Math Club, Secretary Platonians.

"Not too serious, not too gay,
But a rare good fellow."

William Richard Kapelle. "Billy".Math Club, Platonian, Caldron Vandeville,
winner of Class Intelligence Contest.

"Of science and logic he chatters
As fast and as fine as he can."

Carolyn Kell.

Friendship Club.

"Nature that framed us of four
elements
Doth teach us all to have aspiring
minds."

Laura Kirkhoff.

"They're only truly great who are
truly good."

Helen Bertha Klebe.

"How hard it is for a woman to
keep counsel!"





Margaret May Koch.

Friendship Club, Sorosis.

"In youth, hearty wisdom is but rare."

George Irwin Koons.

Math Club.

"Learning by study must even be won."

Helen Marie Kuttner.

"There's little of the melancholy element in her."

Noble Norman Lachot.

"Nobe".

Varsity and Class Track team, Varsity Basketball '18 and Captain Senior year, Treasurer Math Club, Caldron Staff, Honor Student.

"A high-developed brain, a generous heart,
Doth render him thegn, and gain
our favor."

Velma Lackey.

"Business-like, with many worries,
Always walks, but never hurries."

Hilda Grace Leasure.

"Her speech is graced with sweeter sound
Than in another's song is found."

Allegra Emily Leverton. "Babe".

"A sweet and kindly nature is the jewel
To happiness, if more of us but knew."

Irene Isabel Liggett.

Social Council (Junior year), Senior Play,
Announcement Committee, Caldron Staff.
"She has two eyes, so soft and brown,
Take care!
She gives a side glance and looks down,
Beware! Beware!"

Robert Bruce Lockridge.

Honor Student, Caldron Staff, District and State Oratorical Contests, Platonian, Treasurer Math Club.
"You scarcee would guess that at my age
I should orate so glibly upon the stage."

Marjorie Elizabeth Long. "Marj".

"To frown at pleasure, and smile at despair."





Ruth Mildred Lutey.

"Not soon provoked, nor, being provoked,
soon calmed."

Simon Maier.

"Si".

Varsity team.

"Pretty, but not old enough to go
with girls."

Edna Leah Maxwell.

Sorosis, Friendship Club, Math Club, Champion Girls' Tennis Doubles 1918.

"I myself must mix with action
Lest I wither by despair."

Lucile Bernice Miller.

Sorosis, Math Club, Friendship Club.

"Whom to call pretty were to give
but a feeble notion of her
charms."

Margaret Winona Miller.

"I am sure Care's an enemy to life."

Helen Gould More.

Friendship Club,

"Oh, youth! forever dear, forever kind."

Wayne Jones Morrill.

Platonian, Math Club, Caldron Vandeville,

"I shall leave large footprints in the sands of time."

Andrew Murdock Mulholland.

"I will be lord over myself."

Romaine Frank Gustav Myer. "Rome".

Varsity Basketball '18 and '19, Varsity Baseball '19, Sophomore Track team, Circulation Manager Caldron.

"A deedful life; a silent tongue."

Alma Helene Myers.

Math Club, Friendship Club, Class Basketball team '16 and '19.

"The fair, the chaste, the unexpressive she."





Bernice Grace Nay.

Friendship Club.

"Kindness rather than beauteous
looks
Doth win our admiration."

Gladys Marie Newingham.

Math Club, Friendship Club.

"She is pretty to walk with,
And witty to talk with,
And pleasant, too, to think on."

Rosamond Noll.

"At the sight of thee my gloomy soul
cheers up.
My hopes revive, and gladness
dawns on me."

Estelle Brown Owen. "Stell".

Salutatorian; President (two terms), Treasurer (two terms), Secretary (two terms), Sorosis; Math Club, Caldron Staff, Friendship Club.

"A winsome lass who seeks to lure,
With glances coy, and ways demure."

Nelle Perry.

"Be careful, but not full of care."

La Nice Virginia Porter.

Sorosis, Friendship Club.

"Wise to resolve, and patient to perform."

Agnes Julia Riley.

"Promise is most given when the least is said."

Wayne Barr Roberts.

Platonian.

"Consider what you first did swear unto:
To fast, to study, and to see no woman."

Hope Erdine Roose.

"Gentle of speech, beneficent of mind."

Harry Salon.

Math Club, Platonian, Senior Play, Circulation Mgr, Caldron.

"He doth indeed shower sparks
That resemble wit."





Gertrude Wilhelmina Schwehn. "Gert"

Sorosis, Math Club, Membership Committee
Friendship Club '18, Treasurer (Senior
year), Social Council, Varsity Basketball
team, Captain Basketball teams '16, '17
and '18.

"She even smiled and went her way,
A favorite with all."

Mabel Martha Shaffer.

Caldron Staff, Math Club,
Friendship Club.

"For courage mounteth with
occasion."

Maude Shaffer.

Caldron Staff.

"To bliss unknown my lofty soul
aspires;
Hoping by patience to win my
desires."

Frank William Shelton. "John".

Senior Play, Basketball team '19.

"A curled pate will grow bald."

Ethel Miranda Shroyer.

"So blessed a disposition."

William Russell Simon.

"I do love to converse with the ladies."

Lucille Simpson.

President Friendship Club, Executive Committee Sorosis (one term), Math Club, Caldron Staff.

"Of the fairest flowers that burst
into bloom,
The sweetest garland for the
sweetest maid."

Ernest Don Smith.**"Smitty".**

"Oh, a pipe's a man's best friend,
I've found;
So I always carry a friend around."

Evelyn Steele.**"Ev".**

"The mildest manners
And the gentlest heart."

Herbert Gurtiss Stephens.**"Steve".**

Business Mgr. Caldron, Caldron Vaudeville '18, Social Council '18, Sec.-Treas. '17, Bowling Champion '17-'18, Varsity Basketball, Singles and Doubles Tennis Champion '18, Baseball team.

"Hence loathed Melancholy
Of Cerberus and darkest midnight
born,
But come ye goddess fair and free
From heaven yclept Euphrosyne."





Beryl Fayette Strebig.

"If ladies be but young and fair,
They have the gift to know it."

Ray Thomas Swank.

"Toiling, sorrowing, rejoicing,
So I my life conduct;
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it chuck'd."

Frieda Tarletz.

Sorosis, Math Club.

"And truths divine came mended
from her tongue."

Gladys Toman.

Friendship Club.

"The social smile, the sympathetic
tear."

Jessie Frances Tower.

"All her faults are such that one
loves her still better for them."

Frank Joseph Travers.

Editor-in-Chief 1919 Caldron, Honor Student, Business Mgr. Caldron Vaudeville, Chairman Photograph Committee, Math Club, Executive Committee Platonians Junior year.

"And pensive editors painful vigils keep,
Sleepless themselves, to give their readers sleep."

Marie Anna Umbach.

Valedictorian, Varsity Basketball team (Senior year), Class team (four years), Socroris, Vice-Pres. one term, Sec-Treas., one term; Friendship Club, Membership Committee, Math club.

"Which not even critics criticize."

Lester Edward Wahrenburg. "Les".

Platonian, Class Basketball team (3 years), School Orchestra.

"He hath music in his soul."

Helen Geneva Warner.

Vice-President Senior year, Secretary-Treasurer Junior year, Social Council Sophomore year, Varsity and Class Basketball teams, Senior Play Committee, Math Club, Caldron Staff.

"To see her is to love her,
And love but her forever;
For Nature made her what she is,
And ne'er made such another."

Garnet Marie Waters.

"A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience."



**Alfred Stricker Weil.****"Al".**

Platonian, Math Club,

"From the crown of his head to the
sole of his foot, he is all mirth."**Joel Carl Welty.**Caldron Staff, Platonian, Math Club, 1918
Track team."Well I know him;
Of easy temper, naturally good,
And faithful to his word."**Herbert Philip Werkman.** "**"Mabel"**".

Enlisted in U. S. Dental Service.

"He'd dancee, 'til darkly hooded
night
Had crept away, 'fore day's
advance;
With steps amazing, feet e'er light,
What's eare to him? On with the
dancee!"**Edward Higgins White.** "**"Eddie"**".Class President Junior and Senior years,
Vice-President Sophomore year, Varsity
Basketball team '18 and '19, Captain Se-
nior year, Class Basketball, Baseball,
Football teams four years, Business Mgr.
Senior Play."He proved the best man on the
field."**Ruth Mina Youse.**"Oh, the light that lies
In woman's eyes."

**Helen Lucas.**

"There buds the promise of celestial
worth."

Lloyd Wilton Place.

"Unblemished let me live, or die un-
known;
Oh, grant an honest fame, or grant
me none!"

Douglas Thompson.

"Bother me not with pensive worries,
Lest I tremble 'neath the strain."

Mary Trevey.

"In every rank, or great or small,
'Tis industry supports us all."

Robert Hamilton Warren.

Vice President Platonians, Junior Year.
Class Vice-President, '18.

"So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When duty whispers low, 'Thou
must,'
This youth replies, 'I can'."



Prof. Burton J. Malott

The school, and especially the Seniors who studied Physical Geography, will deeply regret the loss of one of our most popular faculty members, Prof. Burton J. Malott. As an enthusiastic booster, Mr. Malott was always present at basketball games and had a deep interest in all school affairs, and as a result was very well liked. Mr. Malott leaves to assume the position of assistant state geologist for Indiana. We wish him the best of success in his new venture.

TO OUR TEACHERS

(With Apologies)

(By Besse Banks, '19.)

Of all the teachers I ever had,

There's this about each one—

They seem to think you're awful bad,

When you want to have some fun.

Now that's not the way for a teacher
to be,

When kids are good—as good as we,
But maybe they'll understand some day

If ever they feel as if they'd like to
play.

If we smile at a friend across the way—
You're downright sure there's the
dickens to pay.

We cannot talk in the session room,
For "Silence!" you're sure to hear
quite soon.

Oh yes, we should all be quiet and meek,
But tell me this, I say—

Is there any joy from Life to reek
If we dare not speak all day?

Why "kids are kids," as "goats are
goats,"

And they're bound to yell and fight.
I s'pose we can only live in hopes
That things will turn out right.

Why, even teachers were kids one day,
And acted just like us;

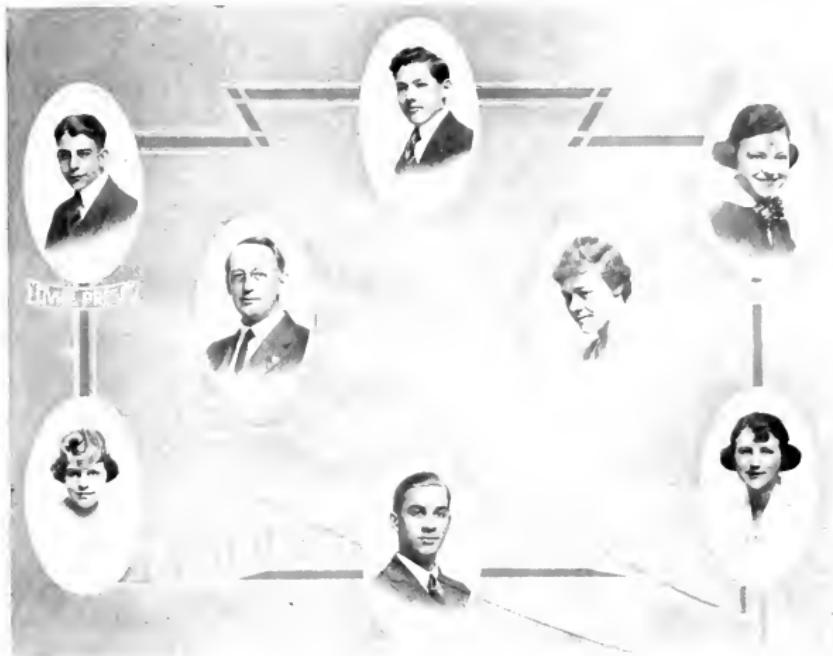
Then why the dickens do we have to pay
For makin' a little fuss?

GOOD SCOUTS









JUNIOR CLASS OFFICIALS

Walter Helmke	- - - - -	President
Edwin Thomas	- - - - -	Vice-President
Martha Irmseher	- - - - -	Secretary-Treasurer

Social Council

Mary Eunice Eaton	Kathryn Rauch
Walker McCurdy	

Faculty Advisers

Miss Clara B. Williams	Mr. Herbert S. Voorhees
------------------------	-------------------------

Class Colors

Maroon and White

JUNIOR CLASS HISTORY

(Samuel Leschinsky)

When the members of this wonderful and illustrious class of 1920 timidly entered the doors of the Fort Wayne High School in 1916 and gazed with deep and profound veneration upon the grand and reverend Seniors and the jolly (?) Juniors, they wondered whether in the brief period of three years they would reach such an exalted state. Now, happily, they have lived to see the time and as they have put themselves in an exclusive position may nothing mar their happiness.

With the kindly help of the Juniors we elected Howard Bash president, Sarah Randall vice-president; Walker McCurdy, secretary-treasurer, and for social council Kathryn Rauch, Wm. Carnahan and Arthur Berghoff were chosen. For faculty advisors, Miss Williams and Mr. Voorhees were selected. The class colors selected were maroon and white.

In December, 1916, a very successful class party was held, which showed the superiority of the 1920 class over all others.

Then after a safe passage through our Freshman year, most of us returned to the "dear old school" full of our own importance and superiority over the Freshmen. At an early meeting we elected H. Bash president, Walker McCurdy vice-president, Wm. Carnahan secretary-treasurer; Walter Helmke, Lucile Franke, and Arthur Berghoff were elected to serve on the social council. The same faculty advisers were retained. On account of the coal famine and the closing of the high school, nothing was done until the spring of 1918, when we gave one of the most successful class parties ever held. It was such a success that our class treasury simply overflowed with money. This ended our second year.

In our Junior year we elected Walter Helmke president, Ed. Thomas vice-president, Martha Irmscher secretary-treasurer, Kathryn Rauch, Mary E. Eaton and Walker McCurdy were chosen for the social council. Our faculty advisers were the same as in the preceding years as we could not dispense with their services. With such officers as these the year could not help but be a success. A class party was scheduled for an early date but the "flu" interfered and nothing was done until March 12, 1919. On that date the Great Junior Promenade was given. To say that this was a success would be putting it mildly. It was one of the greatest dances ever held and equalled the Commencement dance in attendance. Thus ended our Junior year. The past of the "Class of 1920" has been bright, its future will be brighter. We have thus far held our own and in the future we will hope to do more.



JUNIOR CLASS GAZETTE

Published for the First and Last Time

Editor Adam Nat
Asst. Editor A. Notherone

ADVISORY BOARD

Isadore Bell Heeza Rube
Sam Leschinsky

Compiled by the Junior Class
Committee

Editorials

Behold, for you shall soon see a sight which will make you open your mouth in wonderment and stand in amazement. For that famous class of 1920 will enter the portals of that dwelling of knowledge, the F. W. H. S. and become the Senior class of the school. By their fruits ye shall know them. (So watch the twenty class.)

The deeds of the 1920 class are known in all four corners of the earth (the four corners of the earth in high school language are the four corners of the school). And whenever you see a 1920, know ye that a true representative of high school land is before you.

The fourth act of the drama, "The Travels of the 1920 Class Across the Desert of Knowledge," will soon be staged. According to the dramatic critics who have seen the other three acts, the fourth act will surely pass any of the other acts. When the first act of this drama was staged there were about 300 people in the play. The cast now consists of about 145. Due to the strenuous labor and the low wages many have dropped out.

Leap is the middle name of the 1920 class. The class entered the high school in a leap year and they will make their exit in a leap year. Between that time everything has been in leaps. Yes, it has even been disastrous, for many a 1920 has leaped and missed his mark and is with us no more.

Remember, Juniors, in September we take upon ourselves the stately title of Seniors. We must carry ourselves in a dignified manner and at all times act like wise men (of course don't get too much of a swell head, for a certain important man in school has a good remedy for such an ailment).

That day in June, A. D. 1920 will soon be here, so keep a stiff upper lip and you shall reap the fruits of victory.

A New Fable in Slang

With Due Apologies to
George Ade.

Once upon a time there was an Unsophisticated Sophomore who was not yet addicted to Cork Tips or Pay Ball. The Poor Prune lived in a Filthy Haze of Somebody's Gallic Wars and Beginning Geometry. His life was naught but eight ungodly periods with various bells in Between. Lo and behold when it came to the end of the semester The Prune was thrilled with the Knowledge that he was a Lordly transcendent Junior. Hereupon a wondrous change came over him. He became used to descending stairs at a certain restaurant and came to know what the word English meant other than its connection with nations. He found out the mysterious meaning of the numbers seven and eleven in conjunction and learned to drive his car with one hand during dance intermissions. He began to put on a bold face before the Faculty & liked Straights better than Omars. In short, he became a Man.

Illustrious Juniors

Paderewski the Second, otherwise known as Robert Poliak he of the long hair and the curved little finger.

The boy with the curly hair and baby blue eyes, gentleman, is Walt Helmke, known around town as a fast man.

Do any of you know Ed Thomas, he of the marvelous physique and gift of expostulation? Well, he's certainly a devil with the ladies.

"Who is this?" asks a reverend old gentleman. "That, sir, is Irene Giles, of Four Corners, Pensacola, who deprived Theda Bara of her job."

Do you want to hear Harry Lauder? Well, just let Mr. P. D. Porterfield talk to you.

Of course, our shimmy exponent is Helen Mikesell, otherwise known as Mickey.

"Who is the no good of the class?" asked a Soph of a Junior. "Why, Leschinsky, of course," answered the Junior readily.

Himelstein's new necktie is the pride and joy of the class.

Martha Irmscher is our "class-y" treasurer.

Our peroxide kid is Mary Eunice Eaton, of course.

Walker McCurdy—the human (?) canary.

Bill White the human giraffe.

This Page
Dedicated
to the
Rising Belles
of the
Junior Class

Athletics

Nothing much of note was done by the 1920 class in athletics in their Freshman year, but in the second year of our existence in the high school we certainly did make things lively. In the fall of 1917 we made things "hum" in basketball, equaling the best, but in the spring of 1918 we showed our mettle. Two of our members, Thomas and White, made the varsity track team and competed in the district tournament, where, though they did not take any honors, they acquitted themselves in a very creditable manner.

We also had a very good baseball team and succeeded in defeating the Freshman team in a 13-inning game. We also played the faculty, and altho they defeated us in a 6-inning game, there is no doubt whatever that if the game had been prolonged to nine innings we would have beaten them.

In the fall and winter of 1918-1919 our basketball team showed to decided advantage as we nearly won the interclass championship. In track both Thomas and White again made the varsity team, and in baseball Schmidt, Taylor and Spaid made the varsity, where they played stellar ball.

A Few 'Phone Numbers—

Fellows, Use Them!

Helen Mikesell	114
Mary Eunice Eaton Bl.-2922	
Martha Irmscher	1371
Ellen Hudson	6071
Ruth Glass	Black-7263
Katherine Lose	682
More on Request!	
—Advertisement.	

'19 or '20?

George Douglas, presided at the '20 class and Joseph Low, president of the '19 class were good pals and agreed on everything except which class was better, and many were the disputes which arose over the merits of their respective classes. In fact, when the two weren't scrapping it was because they were busy studying to raise their class scholarship standing.

Then one day the United States went into the war. Joe's mother was dead so when Joe put the question his father said "Go." The High School honor roll of service grew. Finally every class had several names to its credit except the Freshmen. George stood that state of affairs as long as he could and then he faced his father with the plea "Dad I've got to go, the '20 class hasn't sent a fellow yet." Dad, being a good sport, finally said "Yes."

George stayed in this country for only about three months before he went across. He was supremely happy in the soldier life until one day he got a letter from Joe, saying that he had been in the front line trenches twice. To all appearances there wasn't going to be much chance soon so he made repeated attempts and finally succeeded in being transferred into the aero squadron. He was young and daring so that it was not long before he was piloting his own beloved eagle above the clouds. He had downed four planes and come through without a scratch. But one day after a week of foreboding silence in the trenches, the captain called for a volunteer to take a photographer across to learn, if possible, the cause of the lull.

George was the first to bound forward. Amid the rousing cheers of his company for "Sonny" he sailed away. He was almost to the German lines when he noticed ahead of him six hawk-like creatures hovering in a circle only a few hundred feet from the ground. With characteristic

Yankee quickness of wit he shot up above the clouds. He said to his companion: "I'm going to break through those planes and find out what they are guarding. Get your picture when you can. Then down he swooped down, 800, 1,000 feet he dropped, now he was almost on top of the German planes. Then they saw him and the shots began to fly. He glanced down. There was the reason for the quiet! Below him troops were massing, it seemed to him by millions. A shot tore through the floor and his leg suddenly felt numb. He heard the camera click and he gave a sigh. Shall we go he gasped? There was no answer. He turned and saw his companion and friend, his head only a bloody mass. The camera hung over the side of the plane by a strap. With an almost superhuman effort he pulled it in and then headed back across no Man's land.

When he came to he was lying in a large quiet hospital. He felt awfully queer. Somehow he didn't know—then he realized, his right leg was gone. He gave a convulsive shudder and looked up at the nurse. She only smiled and pointed to the little gold cross on his breast. Then they told him how he had landed in No Man's land, and how after several attempts a man from the American sector had reached him. They told too, how the picture, shattered tho it was had given the desired information when carefully pieced together. Then the nurse smiled and said: "The boy who brought you in says he knows you. Look on your other side. He turned his head. From the other cot, there grinning in spite of his bandages and also wearing a cross smiled Joseph Law! They just looked at each other for a minute, then George broke the tension by drawling: "Rah '20." Joe gave him a withering glance and waxing eloquent said: "Shut up you blooming hero, there ain't no classes now, its just the good old school."

Friday, the Thirteenth

(Ruth Helen Baum, '20.)

JANE, you've dropped your mirror, and today's Friday the 13th!" exclaimed Helen. "Oh, that doesn't matter," laughed Janet. "I was born on a Friday and you can't make me believe it's any more unlucky to smash a glass on the 13th than it is on any other date."

But in spite of this laughing retort, Janet was sometimes tempted to agree with Helen. Hadn't her father—her wealthy, indulgent, loving father—died suddenly on Friday the 13th? And, having left no will, for he was in the prime of life, were not his two millions divided equally among his many surviving relatives, leaving only a very small sum for Janet? This was also done on a Friday, not the 13th, but nevertheless, a Friday. Just a coincidence, of course, but then—

At that time Janet was seventeen, and a junior at the Redwood High School. She knew that she couldn't continue her course, because she didn't have enough money to keep her in food and clothing for a year and a half. Oh, of course, she knew that if she lived economically and didn't buy so many party dresses and school clothes, she could manage very nicely, but this didn't suit Janet at all.

"If I can't dress the way I always have, I won't go to school at all," said she. Her pride wouldn't let her. She dearly loved school life and they did have such jolly sociable affairs. But imagine going to school in a last year's dress. Oh, it was an impossibility.

Janet's relatives kindly offered her their homes but Janet refused them all. "They're just doing it because they think it's their duty, not because they want me," she said bitterly. Now Janet Blake was not snobbish, nor was she selfish, but she had a horror of poverty, or anything that looked like it.

Janet was tall and slender, with big brown eyes and a wealth of soft brown

hair; she had a great many friends of both sexes, and the thought of dropping out of this gay little world was appalling.

But Janet had common sense and will power, as well as good looks, so she packed her clothes and took a train for Burton, where she expected to get a position. It wouldn't be so bad to work in Burton, where no one knew her, but in Kingsport—never.

The night she arrived in Burton Janet bought several newspapers and eagerly pored over the want columns. Several fine positions were offered and the next morning Janet set out job-hunting.

It was very discouraging work. Most places wouldn't take anyone who had not had at least a high school education, and in despair Janet tried Gordan's department store. Yes, they needed a girl at the notion counter, and she would do. If the situation had not been so serious Janet could have laughed. A Blake, working in a department store!

The next day she started to work—also to learn. The other girl at the notion counter was Helen Roads; she was a little roly-poly, black-eyed, rosy-cheeked girl of perhaps eighteen. She was very talkative and asked Janet numerous personal questions which embarrassed that young lady exceedingly. Especially did Helen like to discuss beaux. "Have you got a beau?" she asked Janet. "I've got two steadies now," she continued, not giving Janet time to answer, "and they're swell guys, too. They come over twice a week and sit in the parlor, one on each side of me on the sofa, and talk 'til real late. I don't never intend to marry either of 'em, o' course, but then it's nice t' have two felluhs," and she sighed happily.

The floor walker came in sight just then, so Helen hastened to her end of the counter—until he had passed by. Then she shifted her gum to the other

side of her mouth and returned to Janet. "But Mother," she whispered in Janet's ear, "wants me to marry one of 'em. They're both rich, but I don't like either of them."

Janet thought it very peculiar that a poor girl—for Helen was a poor girl, and she frankly told Janet so—should have "rich" beaux and so out of curiosity she asked Helen where her "steadies" worked. Helen frowned. "They don't work," she confessed, "and I don't know where they get all their money. I've tried to find out, but they simply refuse to be pumped." She frowned again. "Seems to me I remember hearing Bill say something about a rich uncle and an allowance, but I dunno, and what's more I don't care." She turned to Janet. "Going to lunch with me?"

"Why, yes—yes, indeed," Janet found herself saying. Somehow she liked this girl in spite of her evident poverty and incorrect grammar.

At lunch the subject of boarding houses came up and Janet said, "Do you know of a nice, cheap boarding house? I stayed at a hotel yesterday, but I can't afford that," and she laughed.

"We got an extra room in our house," Helen said, "and I know Mother'd let you have it cheap. Come home with me tonight, anyway." And so it happened that Janet came to live with the Roads.

The first few weeks were very hard for Janet. She hated to get up early and rush to the store on him, and—oh, how she missed the good times, her crowd had always enjoyed.

But when she received her money at the end of the week there was not a more proud nor happy girl in Burton. For had she not earned it herself? It gave her a glorious thrill just to touch her purse and to know that the money had not been given, but paid to her.

The weeks passed swiftly; Janet came to love Helen's mother almost as much as if she had been her own; and so, when Bill and Jim came to call on Helen, Mrs. Roads and Janet would retire to the

kitchen with their knitting, and spend a very delightful evening together. Mother Roads—as Janet fondly called her—unconsciously taught Janet that riches and fine clothes weren't the only things in life, and Janet just as unconsciously learned the lesson.

And so Janet's first year of business life passed very happily. Her expenses were very small, and she had quite a little sum in the bank, which made her feel very independent; indeed, Bill and Jim kept calling on Helen, and Helen kept on flirting.

On this particular night in June, the evening was so wonderful that Janet simply could not stay indoors, although Bill and Jim were coming, and she knew she ought to keep Mother Roads company.

Now the Roads had a tiny yard in front of their tiny home, with a tiny stone wall edging the tiny yard. Indeed, the wall was so low that by a slight jump you could pull yourself up onto it. And this is just what Janet did. Here she sat, staring straight ahead with unseeing eyes, dreaming every young girl's dream.

How long she sat there she did not know, but it must have been some time, for just as she had decided to go back to the house, she heard Bill and Jim coming down the walk toward the gate. Janet was sitting near the gate, so she decided not to go in until the men had left. But at the gate they paused. It was pitch dark. Janet could not even see their forms, though she was very near them.

She heard one of them whisper, "Tomorrow, at eleven, at 41st and Waterman." "Whose house?" queried the other, likewise in a whisper.

"Mercer's."

"What for?"

"Silver."

"I'll meet you at eleven. S'long."

And they parted, one passing so close to Janet that she could have touched him if she reached out her arm.

But Janet did not go in as she had

intended. She sat there, pondering over what she had heard.

"Evidently burglars," she mused. "Mercer's—never heard of 'em—evidently rich — silverware — um," and silently made her way to her room.

As she was crawling into bed she had a brilliant idea.

"Oh, if I only could!" she cried, and she immediately had another idea.

"Why, that's probably where they get all their money," she exclaimed.

She lay awake till morning, planning the next night's work, and when she finally dropped to sleep there was a smile on her lips.

* * *

"I have some shopping to do," said Janet to Helen, just before lunchtime the next day, "so don't wait for me this noon."

At noon Janet hunted up a second-hand store and purchased a man's jacket and cap.

As soon as she reached home in the evening she hunted in her closet for an old skirt, cut it in two up to the waist line, and sewing it up, proceeded to make herself a pair of trousers.

At supper she was strangely quiet, and Helen and her mother asked if she were not feeling well.

"Oh, I have a beastly headache" fibbed Janet, "and I'm going to bed at 8 o'clock."

By 8:15 she had her hair tucked up so that none of it would show under her cap, and by 8:30 she was ready to leave the house.

Janet figured that it wouldn't take her more than a half hour to reach 41st and Waterman avenue, and so she wouldn't start until 10:30.

How long those two hours seemed—would 10:30 never come?

But when it did come, Janet wasn't as anxious to start on this adventure as she thought she would be. Her hands were cold as ice, and she trembled from head to foot with excitement and fear. What if her bluff failed? What if she were discovered? She mentally shook herself.

Of course she would succeed. Why shouldn't she?

She opened her door noiselessly. The coast was clear, and she quickly slipped out of the house.

When she reached 41st street and Waterman, she changed her swift, swinging walk to a slow, slouching gait.

She reached the corner before time, but already one of the men was there, and taking her for the other one, he joined her. Both Janet and the man were in the shadow, so there was no danger of her being discovered.

"This way," hissed Bill—she recognized him now.

They walked rapidly for two blocks, turned down 43rd to Nelson, from there hurried to Crane street and walked straight north for at least five miles—or so it seemed to Janet.

All this time Janet had been thinking hard. Bill said not a word, and Janet was glad of his silence. All the plans she had made the night before wouldn't work now. Too late she realized that she was alone, unarmed, at 11 P. M., with a burglar.

"I guess I'll just have to help him steal and then tell the police about him tomorrow," she said. Then, in surprise, "Why, why didn't I tell them today, instead of getting myself into such a scrape? Oh, what a goose I've been!"

When they reached the house, the whole place was in darkness, so Bill said it was safe to go in. Mercer's home was extremely large, with a colonial porch, and Janet thought it looked like a castle.

Janet and Bill crawled in through a window that Bill opened with one of his tools. Janet's heart was beating wildly. What if someone upstairs would wake up and come down and arrest them!

Just then Bill whispered, "This way." He flashed his light around and made his way to the dining room, Janet following.

There he began filling a bag he had brought with him.

Janet thought the moment had arrived.

"Hands up!" she cried in a deep voice.

Bill dropped his flash light and jumped for the window.

A second later Janet heard a loud "bang" and felt a stinging pain in her side; then everything went black.

* * *

When she opened her eyes she thought, at first, that she was in her own bedroom in her former home at Kingsport.

The room was furnished in pink and white. The walls were painted a delicate pink with a border of silver roses, the furniture and woodwork were white, and the bed she was lying in had pink curtains. All this she took in at a glance.

Just then a door opened and Janet saw a little, white-haired old lady come tiptoe-ing in.

She came over to the bed and smiled down at Janet.

"You are the young lady that saved my silver, are you not?" she asked in a gentle voice.

"Oh, did I save it?" cried Janet joyfully. "But how did you find out? And why does my side hurt so, Mrs. —ah—um—"

"I am Mrs. Mercer," said the little old lady. "Well, you see, it was this way: Burt—he's my son—thought he heard some one moving around downstairs, so he got his revolver and crept down softly. He couldn't see you, but he could see the other man and he thought he'd wait a bit so that he could catch him 'with the goods on,' as Burt said. Well, when you said, 'Hands up,' and the man ran for the window, Burt

fired, fearing that he would escape, but you moved just then and the bullet entered your side. Well, we got a doctor right away and he fixed you up fine and dandy. All you have to do is lie quiet and get well quick. And, my dear, you can't imagine how sorry Burt is. He says he don't know how he can make up to you for all you'll suffer. The doctor says it will be at least eight months before you can run and jump—and climb through windows," she added, slyly, "and you're going to spend those eight months with me right here. Oh, yes, you are. I insist upon it. It will be a rest for you, and lovely for Burt and me. You see, Burt goes to Wellington College and he don't get home until dinner-time, and I'm so lonely all day," she sighed plaintively.

"Oh, I'll be dee-lighted to stay, only it makes more work for you. By the way, what was yesterday?" asked Janet with a queer smile.

"Why, I think it was Friday, the 13th."

"I knew it," laughed Janet. "I always said it was a lucky day. This time it has brought me two new friends.

* * *

Months passed—months crowded with pleasure for Janet. She had fully recovered, and she and Burt, from fast friends, had become—sweethearts.

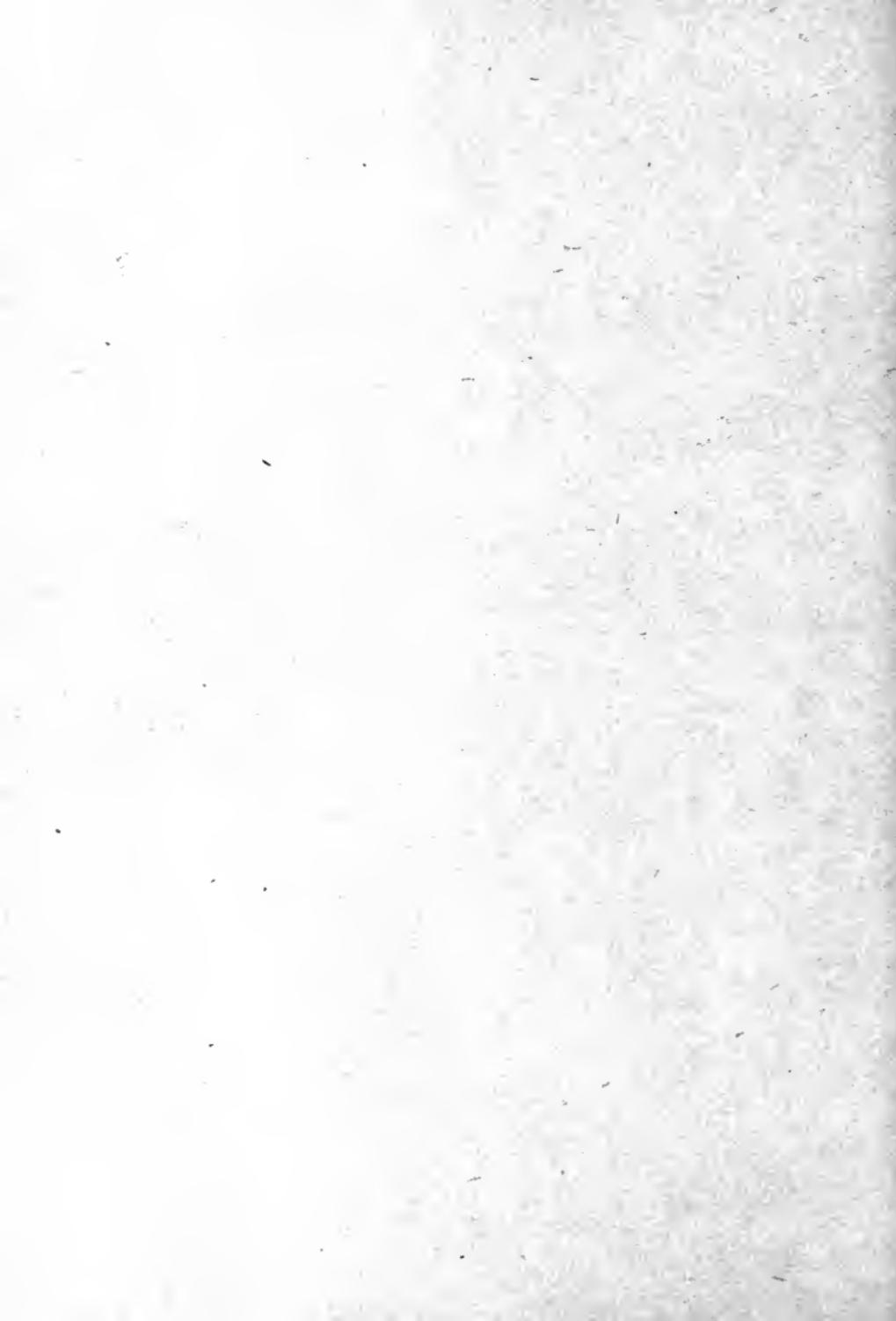
It was on a cold windy evening in February, while sitting before a blazing fire in the living room, that Burt "popped" the question.

Of course you know Janet's answer. "Sweetheart," whispered Burt, drawing her close, "all our lives we'll look back on this day."

"It's Friday the 13th, dearie," said Janet softly.









SOPHOMORE CLASS OFFICERS

Irwin Deister	- - - - -	President
Robert Koerber	- - - - -	Vice-President
Bronson Ray	- - - - -	Secretary-Treasurer

Social Council

Velma Crawford	Virginia Thieme
Lorin Brentlinger	

Faculty Advisers

Miss Venette Sites	Mr. M. H. Northrup
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Class Colors

Black and Gold

SOPHOMORE CLASS HISTORY

(Helen Willson)

We are now coming to the close of our Sophomore year in Fort Wayne High School and we are both sorry and glad. We hate to leave all of our good times behind us that made the first years of our work so pleasant, but it's worth a great deal to know that we are beginning the last lap of our race. We are looking forward toward making our last two years even more worth-while and more enjoyable than our first two.

In the year nineteen hundred and seventeen when the twenty-one class entered this building as Freshmen, we received the same reception that all the Freshmen get. The upper classmen hooted at us and teased us, but after the first week they found that twenty-one was not quite so fresh as they thought she was. We let them think they were getting by with their jeers, etc., but they didn't bother us in the least. Then the rest of the school said we were slow because we didn't organize and elect our officers right away.

No, I should say we didn't. We waited until everyone had picked out the man they thought most capable of leading the class and the people that would help him the most successfully, and about the middle of February we had an election. It was only natural that Mr. Deister was elected president and, oh what a fine one he made. Jimmie Bitner was chosen to be Irv's right-hand assistant and he never failed us. Little Miss Julia Bash was given the hard job of secretary-treasurer and she certainly kept us supplied with the necessary funds. Where she got them she will never tell. That's her secret. The social council is last but not least. Velma Crawford, Robert Koerber and Helen Willson (notice, a rose between two thorns) were honored with this position, and they certainly did fine work. We selected gold and black for our class colors and they have been flying high ever since.

This past year has been one for which everybody cannot say enough. As a class we stood out from all other Sophomore classes. As individuals in the class we shone. After Irv. Deister's splendid leadership through our first year we could not let him go, so he was re-elected president. The rose, alias Bob Koerber, was chosen to assist Mr. Deister as vice-president, and we take off our hats to him. Bronson Ray was elected to fill the position of secretary-treasurer, and though he hasn't been asked for his reports, we're sure he's the man for the place. The social council is the best in the school, for where could you find a better one than Virginia Thieme, Lorin Brentlinger and Velma Crawford? The rose this time is a brilliant red one. The two "Mutts" and one little "Jeff" certainly are fine for the "Jeff's" hair keeps everyone hot and "on-the-go."

We had a benefit show at the Orpheum this year and you can depend on us to make something. Twenty-one is rich for the rest of its long life. No one wanted social gatherings as basketball and baseball and our school-work were absorbing all our time.

However, we intend to close our two years with the biggest and best good time ever. Would you like to know what it is? All right. We're planning a real-for-sure enough—Oh, they won't let me tell. Say I'm telling tales out of school! You'll have to wait and see.

Now here's to twenty-one, and may the close of our Junior year find us all together again and carrying all the victories of the year.

Billy's Attempts at High Finance

Helen Wooding, '21.

Billy paced the floor, back and forth, just as his father did when he had something troublesome on his mind. William Joel Donahue was the mature age of sixteen, and, though he did not know it himself, he rather enjoyed having something weighty to think about. Like most boys of his age, he was beginning to pay attention to the girls.

There were several reasons why Billy was worrying, the most important one was that he was afraid that he would be unable to attend the one grand social function of the high school year, the high school dance. On the whole, he had pretty well kept away from girls, partly because he was bashful, and partly because he would rather spend his money on himself.

There were two girls that he would not have been afraid to take to the dance with him. Lucile Bridge, who had lived beside him ever since he could remember and who therefore seemed like a pal-

practicing. At the tennis court "Dug" Robinson introduced Bill to a boy of about the same age who had just moved to town. As they were leaving the court, the new boy came over to Billy and told him that he would pay him to teach his sister to play tennis. Billy immediately asked why he had been chosen and was told that he was the best player there. After a little thought he decided to take the job and earn enough money so that he could do everything that he wished.

As time passed, Billy was learning the difference between the foot movement of a waltz and a foxtrot. He also was progressing in the art of steering and keeping off his partner's feet, but since the latter is an art in which very few ever gain very great renown, you must not blame Billy if he did not progress very fast, and he certainly did not, as his teacher would readily testify.

He was also having trouble with his tennis rackets. He had sent his best one



you ask me? I told "Dug" over a week ago that I would go with him. It's no fun going with you anyway as you can't dance and insist on looking like you were at your own funeral."

"Well, if that is the way you feel about it, I suppose I will have to ask Francile."

"Well, if Francile goes with you, I think she is not very popular or that she is not in her right mind. Any girl that will go with you when all you've done for the last month is to play tennis with Marjory sure must have a case on you right."

Billy did not stay long after that outburst for he felt that he was entirely innocent and was so taken by surprise that he forgot to defend himself. To his bewilderment, he was eliminated from the party for when he asked Francile to go with him, he found that her date had been made almost as long as Lucile's. He honestly felt that he had actually wasted his time that spring taking dancing lessons, but his only consolation was that he was not more sure that he would win the

tournament since he would not be up late the night before.

There were only eight boys in the Lawrence tournament and Billy won the first two sets on the first day, but with his second opponent forfeited the first set and then won the other two. The last day, much to his surprise, he found that his opponent was the new boy in town. And more to his surprise he lost the first two sets.

That evening Lucile came over and started a conversation with Billy, who was wearing a face as long as his arm.

"I think that was a dirty trick they played on you."

"I did not think that of him."

"Oh! you dumb boy! He has told it all over town and I guess you are the only one that has not heard it. Marjory won the girl championship in the town she came from and she and her brother had it all planned that since there was to be no girls' tournament here this year that she should keep the best player from getting the right kind of practice while her brother won the championship."

— — — — —
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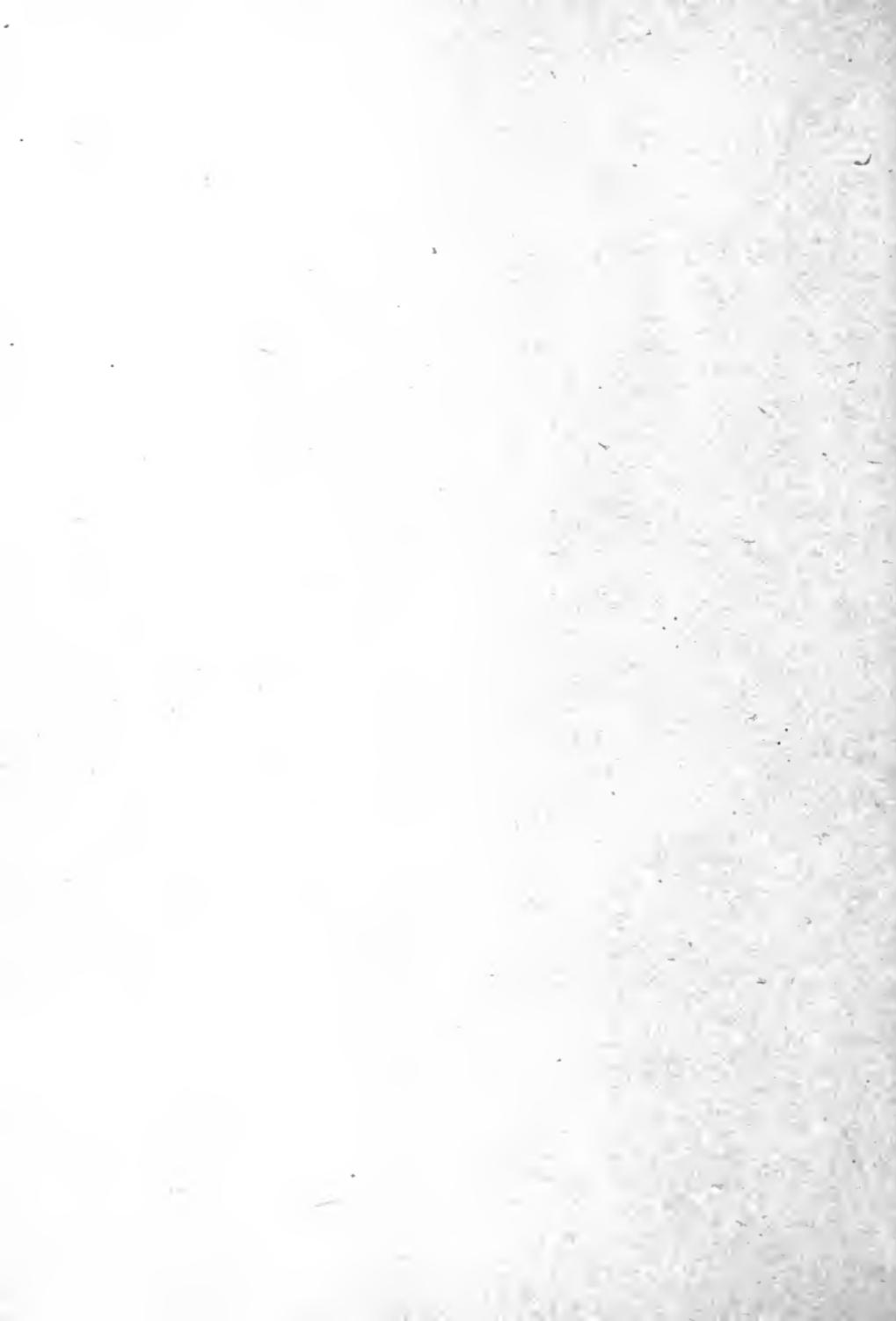
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Now here's to twenty-one, and may the close of our Junior year find us all together again and carrying all the victories of the year.

FRESHMAN







FRESHMAN CLASS OFFICERS

Robert Nipper	- - - - -	President
Charles Miles	- - - - -	Vice-President
Sophia Irmscher	- - - - -	Secretary-Treasurer

Social Council

Jeannette Alberts	Donald McKeeman
Margaret Heine	

Faculty Advisers

Miss Nelson	Mr. Croninger
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Class Colors

Green and Gold

FRESHMAN CLASS HISTORY

(Margarete Carruthers)

On September 8, 1918, a large body of frightened "Freshies" timidly climbed the dignified steps of the Fort Wayne High School. After they had dutifully made all of the mistakes that are required of Freshmen, they found themselves in Room 1, where Miss Wingert kindly gave them hints as to what their future fate would be.

After we had become familiar to the work, discipline and manners of the High School, a meeting was called in Room 1, which was enthusiastically attended by the "class of '22." Robert Nipper was elected President, Charles Miles, Vice-President; Sophia Irmscher, Secretary-Treasurer, and Jeanette Albert, Donald McKeeman and Margaret Heine as social council. Miss Nelson and Mr. Croninger were selected for the faculty advisors and green and gold were chosen for our class colors.

On April 11, our first party was pulled off. Due to our energetic officers, faculty advisors and Miss Wingert's help, it was a huge success. After some amusing capers in the auditorium in which some of our distinguished classmates took part, we were directed out in the hall where booths were arranged in the different rooms. It is needless to say that the one containing the refreshments proved to be the most popular. Evidently Miss Wingert believed in the old saying, "Early to bed and early to rise—" for we were thrown out of the building as soon as it was possible, much to our indignation!

Far be it from us to appear conceited, but you have to admit that we have the enthusiasm, pep, snap and ability that marks a successful class. Next year we are going to do bigger things, surpassing every class that has gone before us.

Hark, Freshman!

If I should stand and never sit,
If I should work and never quit,
How queer 'twould be!
If I should know my lessons well,
Each and every one could tell
'Twas unlike me.

Why work all one's time away,
Thru every hour, thru ev'ry day,
When idleness is so cheap?
To see you work so hard and long
And never lift your voice to song—
Ah, me! It makes me weep!

Yes, idleness is cheap, I know;
It brings one's grades far down below
What good grades are.
One fails and fails and fails again,
But when your classmates graduate, then—
How ashamed you are!

ARLETTA SCHMUCK, '21.

The Timely Confession

(Hertha Ann Stein, '22.)

In the city of Snowhill, Maryland, lived Philip Lothaire. Philip had an only son Harry, who greatly loved Georgiana, the daughter of a secret service detective, Linville Andre. Andre, however, did not approve of this match. But the sweethearts would not allow this to keep them apart, for they planned to elope the evening that Andre was going to give a public reception.

Georgiana, very excited and happy over the coming event, revealed the secret of the elopement to Antoinette, her maid. The faithless servant told Andre, who paid her and told her to watch Georgiana closely.

Antoinette was the daughter of a shoemender, Herman Lavre, who was the leader of a secret society working against the government. Lavre greatly hated Andre, who had thwarted many of their plans, and used Antoinette as a means to further the plans of this private organization.

The Reception

The night of the party had come. The people arrived in throngs and were gaily laughing, dancing and chatting in the gardens of the Andre estate. Harry arrived early, so that he would be at hand whenever Georgiana would be ready to go. Georgiana, however, had been kept in her room by the order of her father.

While the other people were enjoying themselves, Harry was wandering here and there in search of Georgiana. Now and then would arise the ugly question, "Will she prove untrue?" "But no," he would answer, "I am positive that my love is returned. Probably she is ill or—"

A shot! He ran toward the house

and entered before the other people had recovered from the shock. He rushed into the library, and there stood Georgiana with a revolver in her hand. Her father lay with a bloody wound in his head at her feet. Harry, thinking that Georgiana had fired the shot and trying to shield her, quickly snatched the gun from her hand, when the servants and some of the guests entered. Some policemen, who were among the crowd, immediately stepped forward and after examining the dead body, handcuffed Harry. Georgiana, who had been in a sort of daze all the while, cried: "No, No! You dare not take him! He didn't do it! However, they paid no attention to her, but hurried Harry away. Poor Georgiana sank to the floor in a faint.

The Confession

Two days had passed and it was decreed that Harry Lothaire should die on the third. In the afternoon of the second day, an elderly gentleman was rushed to the Barton hospital. He was fatally injured and when told that he could not live he requested that an officer be brought to him. His request was immediately complied with. As he lay gasping for breath, he made this confession: "Because Andre—was—in our way, I—killed—him." And then, Herman Lavre was no more.

All's Well That Ends Well

The next morning's journal had a two-fold important announcement. One was about the acquittal of Harry Lothaire, the other of the engagement of Georgiana Andre and Harry Lothaire.



Pepper and Onions

(Geraldine Hadsell, '22.)

Robert Stanton and his twin sister, Elizabeth were standing in the hall of the Lakeview High School.

"You meet me right after school Bess," said Robert, or rather Bud, for that was his nick name.

"Yes Bud," I will, don't forget," replied Elizabeth.

The Stanton twins were as different as night and day. Bud had light hair, fair complexion and blue eyes. Elizabeth, or rather Bess, had black hair, rather dark complexion and brown eyes.

Bud and Bess were always into mischief. If a story were written about them it would fill several books.

After school was over Bud and Bess met outside of the school door.

"Now I'll tell you why I wanted to see you," said Bud. "Let's have some fun tonight and get even with our English teacher, Mr. Brown. He refused to give us a vacation tomorrow during our English class so that we could see the circus parade. All of the rest of the classes are going to get excused and it's mean that we don't."

"Allright Bud, I was thinking about that too," said Bess.

That night about 8 o'clock Bud and Bess left the house and walked down by the school.

"I saw that one of the windows in our English room was unlocked," said Bud.

"Oh Bud, if we can only climb in before anyone sees us. We don't want to get caught."

A minute later the two twins stood in the room. Bud pulled a large Burmuda onion out of his pocket.

Bess laughed until she almost choked.

"And to think that if there is one thing that Mr. Brown dislikes it's onions."

"It's a good thing that Mr. Brown always forgets to lock the drawers in his desk," said Bud.

He then took his knife and proceeded to slice the onion.

"Good Heavens, but this blamed thing is strong. My eyes seem to want to cry."

He pulled out his handkerchief and wiped his eyes.

"Come on Bess let's put a slice of onion in each drawer."

"Now that's done," said Bess, "Won't a wonderful odor greet Mr. Brown tomorrow morning when he opens the drawers in his desk?"

"I brought some red pepper along Bess. You know Mr. Brown is always putting his pencils in his mouth. Let's put some red pepper on them. His handkerchief is here and I'm going to put some on it too. I'd like to see him sneeze his head off. I bet he will when he picks up this handkerchief because I've put about a barrel of the stuff on."

"Well Bud you can't get ahead of me. I brought some moth balls and—Ka-t—choo. Oh Bud please don't hold that pepper can over this—Ka-t—choo. Oh dear Ka-t—choo.

"For the love of mud hide quick Bess I hear someone coming. Here jump out of the window."

The door opened and in walked Mr. Brown, the tall slim, bald-headed, dignified, middle aged bachelor who taught English.

"Just my luck to forget that book," he muttered. "Well, I wonder how that window got open. I remember of locking it. What are those little white things doing on the floor? They look like marbles. No they aren't marbles, they are moth balls. I wonder how they got in here. Well any way out they go."

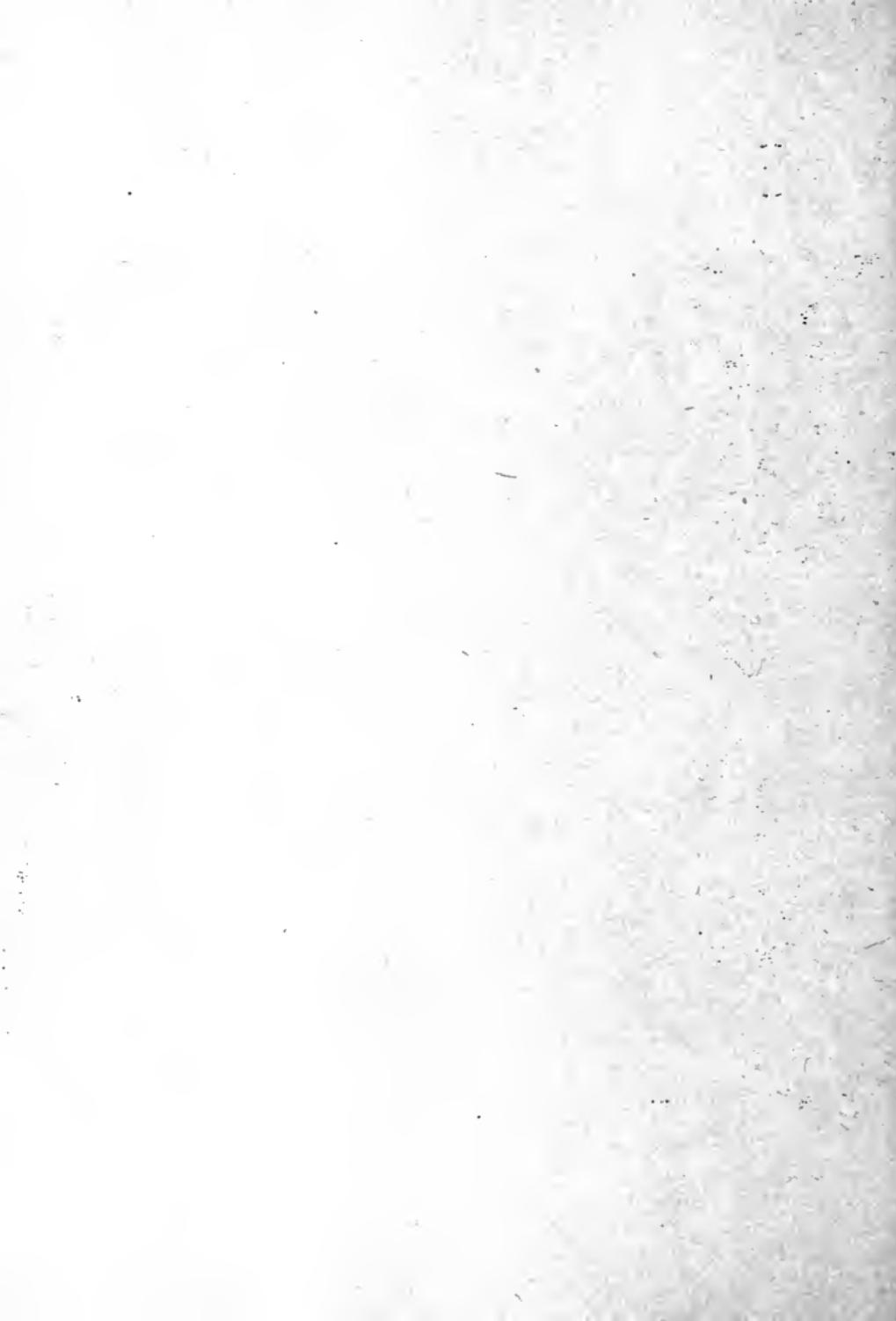
He tossed them out of the window. He then opened one of the drawers in his desk.

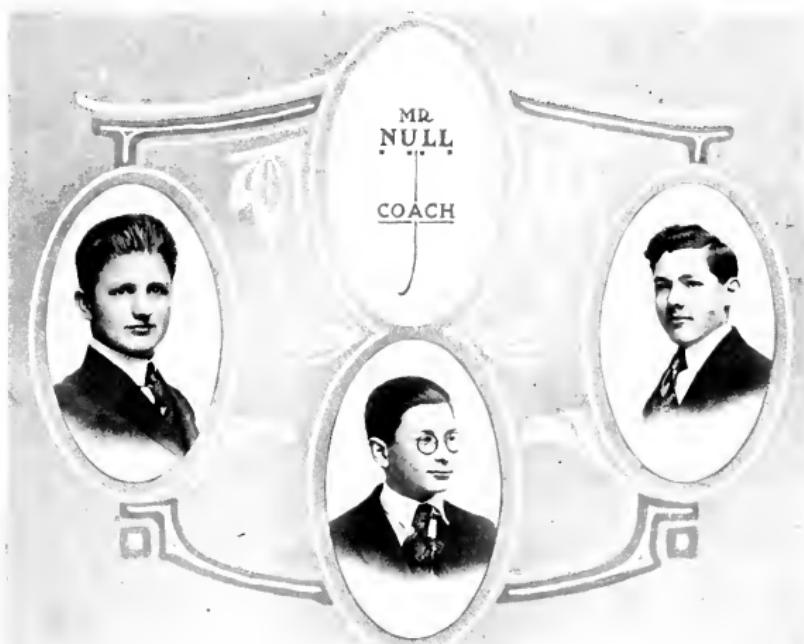
"Good Glory, how in the name of the seven saints did that odor get in here?"

(Continued on page 123)

DRAMATICS







Debating

Editor's Note:—While Mr. Null has given a very complete review of debating, he has failed to give himself credit for this excellent coaching. It is the opinion of the Editor that Mr. Null has, with practically no material to start with, developed a winning debating team which promises to win the state championship next year. We owe much praise to Mr. Null for his excellent work, which is best illustrated by the fact that when he coached the Marion High School Debating team, it won over Richmond; later he coached Richmond and its team turned around and beat Marion and for three successive years won over Fort Wayne. This year, under his skillful coaching Fort Wayne triumphed over Richmond. Mr. Null should be proud of his fine record.

(Prof Benjamin R. Null)

Debating, like all other school work of 1918-19, suffered because of the influenza. Our team was not selected until late in the year, and our schedule of debates was necessarily small. Only two debates were held—one with Richmond, and the other with the Central Catholic High School of Fort Wayne. Jefferson High, of Lafayette, sent us a challenge, but never replied to our acceptance.

The Richmond-Fort Wayne debate resulted in a unanimous victory for us. It was a much needed and a very happy victory, for Fort Wayne had lost to Richmond straight along for the last three years. The C. C. H. S. debate was less happy in its outcome, for only one of the three judges decided for us. But we won two victories regardless of the decision of the judges. First, the large attendance of F. W. H. S. boys and girls and teachers established for the future a substantial and enthusiastic backing for all our speaking activities; second, our



Sorosis Officers

September to February

Estelle Owen President
 Mary Elmice Eaton Vice-President
 Marie Umbach Secretary
 Dorothy Corey Treasurer
 Virginia Wood Chairman Exec. Com.

February to June

Estelle Owen President
 Virginia Woo Vice-President
 Beatrice Bentz Secretary
 Marie Umbach Treasurer
 Dorothy Corey Chairman Exec. Com.

debaters won a victory for themselves and their school by remaining calm, deliberate and courteous throughout a strenuous contest. Our team—Lockridge, Helmke and Pollak represented the school in such a manner as to deserve its heartiest commendation.

F. W. H. S. also made a good showing in the State High School Discussion League. Its representative—Bruce Lockridge—won against one opponent in the county contest, against four in the district contest, and came out third of the thirteen contestants in the state contest.

Prospects for next year are good. Helmke and Pollak will have the advantage of one year's experience, and the abundance of new material should furnish several good speakers. We hope to have at least four debates, and intend to enter the State High School Discussion League with a determination to bring the gold medal to Fort Wayne.

Sorosis

At the first meeting of the Sorosis society this year, the excellent plan was adopted of dividing the society into groups, each to arrange one program during the term. Accordingly we had many interesting and varied programs. Among these were "Songs of the Sierras," dealing with Western life; "Dixie Dialect," in Southern style, and "Echoes from the War." Another delightful meeting was the one held on May Day. That program consisted of folk lore and folk dancing, with the dancers dressed in old colonial costumes of spring colors. Then, too, we had several which were truly literary, such as the Kipling meeting. When it was impossible to present a program, the Sorosis girls showed their ingenuity by taking part extemporaneously. Besides these there was the Valentine party for the Platonians, which was held at the Chamber of Commerce. This party was probably the biggest event of the year. A joint meeting with the Platonians, consisting of a play, in which members of each society took part, was the last session of the year 1918-19.

Roll Call

Anita Ackerman
 Charlotte Auger
 Bess Banks
 Ruth Baum
 Katherine Beierline
 Beatrice Bentz
 Edith Breeden
 Eugenia Chambers
 Bonita Christopher
 Dorothy Corey
 Helen Crawford
 Edna Cunnison
 Naomi Dixon
 Mary Eunice Eaton
 Mabelle Figel
 Lucille Franke

Isabelle Freeman
 Flora Gerberding
 Carol Horman
 Meribah Ingham
 Dorothy Johnson
 Margaret Ann Keegan
 Ruby Kinerk
 Marjorie King
 Marian Longsworth
 Edna Maxwell
 Genevieve Miller
 Dorothy Mitchell
 Marian Murray
 Estella Owen
 Evelyn Ross
 Fannie Salon

Gertrude Schwehn
 Helen Schott
 Dorothy Simpson
 Lucille Simpson
 Winifred Sink
 Frieda Tarletz
 Goldie Tarletz
 Delamar Titsworth
 Virginia Thieme
 Elizabeth Urbahn
 Marie Umbach
 Olga Welch
 Virginia Wood
 Helen Wooding





Platonian Officials

September to February

February to June

President	John C. Gandy	John C. Gandy
Vice President	John C. Gandy	John C. Gandy
Treasurer	John C. Gandy	John C. Gandy
Secretary	John C. Gandy	John C. Gandy
Editor	John C. Gandy	John C. Gandy

The Platonian Literary Society

Karl M. Fettering '19.

The Platonian Literary Society is one of the best known societies of this school. So much so, in fact, that its members and the students in general have taken this society largely as a fact, never thinking of how it happened or when. Still, the Platonians are really of quite recent origin, considering their present size and importance.

The first move toward organizing a literary society in Penn Wayne High School was made by Miss Tull, one of the English teachers of that time. The first meeting was held on March 5, 1914. William Shambrough was elected president. The society, however, faced poverty. The treasury never contained more than a dollar or so. Committees did not do their duty. At last Miss Tull resigned her position as faculty advisor, the society had one or two meetings and disbanded at the end of the term.

But the society was not dead. It needed only someone with "punch" and "zest" to make the society a success.

This very one was found in the person of Mr. Neff, who reorganized the society on October 13, 1914. Although organized in the thirteenth and a Friday, at that, the society this time proved to be a success. Mr. Neff was chosen as advisor and has served us faithfully in that capacity until last fall, when he left school.

As I have stated at the beginning, the Platonian society is one of the best known societies, yet many do not know its real purpose. Its purpose is for the intellectual betterment of the members through debates and literary discussion. This is the definition given in our constitution, though lectures have been added to this. The way in which we go about this is also to be commended for our motto is: "Thou' this may be play to you, 'tis death to us." Any one who has been to any of the meetings of this society will attest to the fact that though everything is said in a spirit of friendliness, we are in deadly earnest over our debates.

The method by which we obtain this intellectual betterment is by the organization of a mock legislature. Every member is a senator in this legislature and has his regular seal. The legislature has its speakers, clerk, and sergeant-at-arms. Roberts Rules of Order govern the conduct of all these meetings. Bills are prepared by the executive committee and are discussed at these meetings. At first glance this might seem to be a dry way, for who wants to speak on some bill in which he is not at all interested? But just glance through the Bill. Here is a point that is in defiance to the constitution of the United States, or a point obviously so wrong that you are impelled to get up and voice a protest. Then the other senator cannot see it your way and we have a "literary discussion" in no time at all. The effect is certainly and persons who are usually uninterested acquire a freedom of speech that they could have perhaps never gotten otherwise.

But this would eventually become tiresome, so the majority is broken by lectures, speeches and musical programs. We also have our semi-annual banquets, an event of great interest to every Platonian.

That our policy is right, and our method of pursuing this policy is earnest and sincere, not to add popular, is attested by the fact that our society has grown from the original sixteen members to its present total of thirty-eight active members.

Friendship Club Review

The new semester was ushered in with an enthusiastic "Geister" party, a la Schwehn. Gert Schwehn, impersonating Miss Edna Geister, so well known to the Friendship girls, opened the first meeting with a bang.

The cabinet members for the new year were: Lucille Simpson, president; Esther Moll, vice president; Gertrude Schwehn, treasurer; Helen Crawford, chairman of program committee; Edna Maxwell, chairman of membership committee, and Marian Murray, chairman of service committee.

Of course we had to suspend some of our activities during the "flu" epidemic, but our pep was just as "peppy" as ever when we finally did get in motion again. On January seventh we had a lively meeting, led by Bertha Stein.

A "kid party" at the Y. W. gym was one of the season's most enjoyable events. Every member can testify to the fact that it was one of the most enjoyable times offered by the Friendship. This was given on January 11th.

On February 28th Miss Pittinger told us a delightful story at the Y. W. which we all thoroughly appreciated. Marshmallows before a blazing fire, followed. Can you imagine the combination?

Now for IT! IT happened on March 28th. The Friendship Club banquet was sprung on the above date. An incomparable program before an incomparable banquet followed by incomparable toasts. Need more be said?

On March 25 a Discussional meeting was held at the Y. W. Our subject was, "The All 'Round Girl."

A parent's party was the nucleus of many enjoyable times held in April. Although it did not come up to the expectations of many of the members because of the lack of "parents," it sure did give us a good time.

On April 1st a musical program was offered by Mrs. Baum at the Y. W. where all our good times are held. The entire program, based mostly upon Galli Cucui, was a huge success.

Then the May Day breakfast. Early May Day morning the Friendship girls, wearing white and yellow caps and aprons, gave their annual "May Morning Breakfast." About ten dollars were cleared, most of it being given to the Y. W.

On May 20th a hilarious track-meet was staged by the club members. Startling results were obtained you may be sure.

The final meeting of the term was held on June 3rd, the seniors having the whole program in charge. Songs, the class will, the class prophecy and examinations were some of the numbers on the program. The officers for the next term were elected at this meeting. They are: Dorothy Simpson, president; Bertha Stein, vice president; Velma Crawford, treasurer, and Helen Wooding, secretary.

The annual picnic is to be held on June 13th. Fun, good eats "n everything" are in store for all members.

R. M. B.



Friendship Club Officers

Lucille Simpson	- - -	President
Esther Moll	- - -	Vice-President
Helen Crawford	- - -	Chairman Social Com.



The daily grind.

Reviewing a regiment from the roof.

Mathematics Club



John Gieser



Martha Irmscher



Noble Lachot

Officers

John Gieser	- - -	President
Martha Irmscher	- - -	Vice-President
Noble Lachot	- - -	Secretary-Treasurer

On September 27th, 1918, an able-bodied, full of pep crew of Mathematics followers began their voyage under John Gieser, president, Flora Gerberding, vice-president, and Noble Lachot, treasurer. The first stop-off was caused by a little bit of influenza in the engine. After this was cleared away, our ship sailed on until now, the end of our successful trip.

The extremely interesting programs and good eats account largely for the popularity of the Math Club with Juniors and Seniors. Ever since the Math Club has become a school society, the number of students electing mathematics has been greatly increased.

As a Mathematics club, mathematics as a whole is studied. The purpose of this club is not alone to study algebra and geometry, but also to promote better social advantages and relation between the high school students and faculty. During the term we had many very interesting programs. At one meeting a mock track meet was the main attraction. At another meeting the use of the slide rule was explained. And at still another Miss Baughman gave a talk on "Stars and Planets." Mr. Reising also entertained us during the year with his speech on "The Relation Between Mathematics and Mechanics."

At the meeting at the beginning of the second semester, Martha Irmscher was elected vice-president. All other officers of the preceding semester were retained. The June meeting resulted in a banquet given in honor of the reverend Seniors who are about to leave the Math club. A picnic at Foster park concluded the festivities of the unequalled successful year.

Congratulations are due the Math club for such a wonderful and profitable year. To the Seniors who now have begun their everlasting furlough is extended the most sincere appreciation of their efforts. It is useless to say that this club will prosper as it has in the past because of the wonderful foundation the Seniors made for it.

F. G., '19.

The Klondike (Exchange)

It's the great big land way up yonder,
It's the forest where silence has lease;
It's the beauty that thrills me with wonder,
It's the stillness that fills me with peace.

I've stood in some mighty mouthed hollow
That's plumb-full of hush to the brim;
I've watched the big husky sun swallow
In crimson and gold, and grow dim,
Till the moon set the pearly peaks gleaming,
And the stars tumbled out, neck and crop;
And I thought that I surely was dreaming,
With the peace o' the world piled on top.

The summer—no sweeter was ever;
The sunshiny woods all athrill;
The grayling asleep in the river,
The bighorn asleep on the hill.
The strong life that never knows harness;
The wilds where the caribou call;
The freshness, the freedom, the farness—
Oh, God! how I'm struck with it all!

Some Electrical Statistics

(Compiled and worked out by the Physics Class under the direction of
Professor R. C. Harris.)

The following table indicates the length of time the various domestic accessories will run for 1 cent, the rate being the same as is charged all Fort Wayne consumers, 7 cents per kilowatt hour:

Curler	(33 watts)	will run 4 hr. 4 min. 48 sec.
Sewing Machine Motor	(38 watts)	will run 3 hr. 46 min. 12 sec.
Heating Pad	(62 watts)	will run 2 hr. 18 min. 0 sec.
Fan (six-inch)	(62 watts)	will run 2 hr. 18 min. 0 sec.
Vacuum Cleaner	(125 watts)	will run 1 hr. 8 min. 34 sec.
Universal Toaster	(320 watts)	will run 0 hr. 26 min. 24 sec.
Immersion Heater	(340 watts)	will run 0 hr. 24 min. 36 sec.
Perculator	(430 watts)	will run 0 hr. 19 min. 48 sec.
Universal Iron (6 lbs.).	(600 watts)	will run 0 hr. 13 min. 48 sec.
Fireless Cooker	(680 watts)	will run 0 hr. 12 min. 36 sec.

LAMPS OF VARIOUS WATTS

25 watt will burn 5 hr. 42 min. 6 sec. for 1 cent.
40 watt will burn 3 hr. 34 min. 17 sec. for 1 cent.
60 watt will burn 2 hr. 22 min. 51 sec. for 1 cent.
100 watt will burn 1 hr. 25 min. 43 sec. for 1 cent.
200 watt will burn 0 hr. 42 min. 51 sec. for 1 cent.



Omega Iota Sigma

(Karl Feiertag, '19.)

It all happened back in our Junior year: There was a crooked election; several of the super-hard went to the principle, and secured a re-election of officers. After the smoke of the battle had cleared away, we looked each other over, decided we liked each other and formed a bunch. This "Bunch" was formally turned into the Omega Iota Sigma at the home of Karl Feiertag, on December 28, 1917. Feiertag was elected president, Mr. Ashley vice-president, and Mr. Hobrock, secretary and treasurer. This crew guided the new organization through its first half-year.

In spring, Mr. Ashley brought up the topic of a clubhouse. The idea was enthusiastically taken up and on May 2 the ground for the House was cleared, and on May 9 work started.

On July 13 we decided that the work was far enough along to have a formal opening of the clubhouse. A few weeks later brought work on the structure to completion.

At the time of organization, we had no real purpose, and for this reason did not get along as well as later. The erection of our clubhouse has rendered a change in the entire make-up of this club. Our spirit of fair play has been fostered. A love of nature and all healthy play has come to us. The club is not an athletic one, as supposed by some, yet we all engage in some sport at our place. Neither is it a political organization of the school, although we rank in school activities. For him who loves the outdoor life, who is looking for true fellowship, Omega Iota Sigma is meant.

Our present members are: Raymond H. Hobrock, who is president. He has great executive ability, as shown by the fact that he was chosen engineer for the construction of the clubhouse. His principle hobby is chemistry; he can be found among the odors of the lab. any time after three-ten.

Howard D. Stout is our vice-president. He attended High School until last fall. Mr. Stout furnishes a large share of the laughs of the club.

Harry Salon is our treasurer and secretary. He has great business ability, shown by his capable management of the funds. Mr. Salon is also very handy with the gloves.

Paul Henri Hobrock is chairman of the executive committee. Mr. Hobrock is one of the hardest workers in this club, and to him we owe much of the beauty of our clubhouse surroundings. He is very active in school activities, having managed the Senior Play and the Caldron Vaudeville.

Midshipman Charles Ashley is our only Alumnus. He is at present at Annapolis Naval Academy. It is to Mr. Ashley that we owe our clubhouse, for he made the arrangements to get us the land.

Joseph Morris is our smallest member, but he has proved to have the biggest heart. Mr. Morris has done much for the club.

Harold Briggeman is one of our hardest workers, having served as treasurer preceding the term of Mr. Salon. Mr. Briggeman was a student at Concordia College, and is now employed at the General Electric Co., when not taking care of "Ginger."

Herbert C. Lindenburg is chief water puppy of the club. His only amusement in life is to swim. Mr. Lindenburg served one term as president.

Karl Feiertag's amusement is to paddle a canoe. He must have been born with a canoe paddle in his mouth. He also is active in literary pursuits, both in the Caldron and in school.

SHIP NEWS

May 1. How contrary some people will be! Helen Mikesell, whose principle amusement is that of leaving off steam in quarters 18, refused to give even one little word when asked to do so by Boatswain McMillan. She was sent to the bridge, where the Captain put her in irons. This broke up the weekly meeting of the Thursday Brig Club.

Walter Radkey was given two watches on bread and water today for not reporting to Engineer Thomas.

May 2. There were several gobs thrown in irons during the course of the day, on hurricane deck, but their names are not reported.

A Frosh Gobess, by the appellation of Hess, was made to polish railings for being too apt with her tongue.

The higher they are the farther they fall. Not so much in our own estimation as in those of the officers. Today our most angelic, best behaved (etc., etc.) Senior Gob Lucille Simpson desecrated the sacred precincts of the Promenade deck by dancing thereon. Needless to say, she was thrown in irons.

May 5. Trouble in the steerage! Our old copper bottomed, mahogany topped, ivory inlaid, porcelain lined matey, Waye Alexander, was just rising in the promenade deck by dancing thereon, act of executing a fellow deck-hand with a paper wad when Mate Winger's triumphant "aha" rang out. Alexander had to take care of the crows in the crows nest for eight watches.

Carl Steinhouser was put in irons also in the steerage today for some unknown reason.

May 6. Gaskins' chewing gum is still intact, according to Doc. Voorhees. Gob Corey was today thrown into irons for vociferating. Corey, however, is a "tnuff" one, and completely broke the brig wherein she was placed.

May 8. Hazel Brooks and sweet little Bobbie Urbhans were made to scrub decks today because they tarried too long in the gallery.

May 9. The more gifted (?) members of the ship today gave an entertainment. It was gotten off ship shape and was enjoyed by all. Paulhenri Hobrock was chief Whooziss and general Sweat-man while Raymond Bobrock officiated as Curtain-jerker.

May 12. Our two old incorrigibles, Moring and Crill, were today put in irons for reporting late to work.

So here must close the Log of the good ship F. W. H. S., which has thus safely transported the crew of Nineteen Nineteen to its destination, the land of Knowledge, and the fields of Life. Though we have had hard hours, we all feel a pang at parting, for each hour of woe there were hundreds of gladness, and as we look back, already our past troubles seem but jokes, for we came through all right; and never will we forget the happy days spent on the good ship F. W. H. S.; long may she pitch and roll.

To the Juniors it has been a voyage of hard work, as it has been for us. They are glad of their shore leave, no regrets from them.

To the Sophomores it has been a voyage of many belaying pins and much punishment; it is always so with them.

To the Freshmen it has been one of wondering and wandering.

All these persons have our hearty wishes for a speedy arrival at the destination for which they are sailing.

Post-Log

We, the keepers of the Royal Log, hereby wish to extend our thanks for all the compliments, right handed and left, and for the bits of constructive criticism and help we have received at every hand.

We thank you.

Karl M. Feiertag,
Chronologer, February to June.

J. Carl Welty,
Chronologer, September to Feb.



This year the Caldron exchange department gained many new friends besides retaining most of its older ones. We consider this year's exchange list the best and biggest ever sent to F. W. H. S. Besides offering many constructive criticisms, the different exchanges were enjoyed most thoroughly by the Caldron staff and other members of the school.

Approximately one hundred and fifty issues of the Caldron have been sent out to all parts of the country. In turn we received a great number of exchanges from many of the most prominent high schools in the country.

The following composes our exchange list:

The Log—U. S. Naval Academy.
The Pennant—Elkhart, Indiana.
The Whim—Seattle, Washington.
Cherry and White—Williamsport, Pa.
The Comet—Milwaukee, Wisconsin.
Collegian—St. Thomas, Ontario.
The Post—Portland, Oregon.
Delphian—Providence, Rhode Island.
Old Hughes—Cincinnati.
Hi Times—Lexington, Kentucky.
The Crimson—Goshen, Indiana.
The Tatler—Dimmore, Pennsylvania.
The Pioneer—Grand Rapids, Mich.
The Optimist—Newark, New Jersey.
The Mercury—Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Dobra—Newport, Kentucky.

Spectator—Waterloo, Iowa.

The Polytechnic—Troy, New York.

The World—St. Paul, Minnesota.

Ravelings—Decatur, Indiana.

Said and Done—Muskegon, Michigan.

Artisan—Minneapolis, Minnesota.

The Courier—Cincinnati, Ohio.

The Insight—Hartford City, Indiana.

Palmetto and Pine—St. Petersburg, Florida.

Levinson Hamiltonian — Noblesville, Indiana.

The Key—Battle Creek, Michigan.

Ypsi-Sem—Ypsilanti, Michigan.

Shucis—Schenectady, New York.

The Booster—Indianapolis, Indiana.

Panorama—Binghamton, New York.

Franklin—Franklin, Indiana.

The Thistle—Toledo, Ohio.

The Spectator—Trenton, N. J.

The Budget—Berne, Indiana.

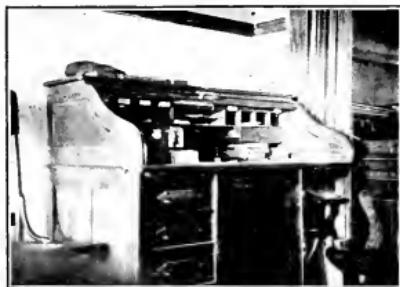
The X-Ray—Anderson, Indiana.

The Ancill—East Chicago, Illinois.

The Oracle—Des Moines, Iowa.

The Pennant, Lebanon, Indiana.

It has been a great pleasure, and opportunity also, to receive such exchanges as we have in the past year, and we sincerely hope that the Fort Wayne High School may continue its present list and add more to it as the years pass.



This is where the material for the *Caldrons* is mobilized. This desk has been the scene of some mighty hard work, for publishing the *Caldron*, especially the *Annual*, is a tremendous task.

Even as You and I

1. Once a sweet Rococo maiden
In a lone Rococo glade
Decided 'twould be darling
The Rococo brook to wade.
2. So she doffed her satin slippers
And her silk Rococo hose,
And in the brooklet dabbled
Her wee Rococo toes.
3. Now a rude Rococo rustic
Thru that woodland wandered
free,
And the maiden at her wading
This rude rustic chanced to see.
Low he crouched in rustic fashion
'Neath the tall Rococo trees,
Gloating o'er the wading maiden
And her plump Rococo knees.
4. Next upon the scene came strolling
A Rococo Cavalier
Who beheld the spying rustic with a
Cold Rococo sneer.
5. Did he smite the rustic ruffian
With his tried Rococo steel?
Did he rend, destroy and crush him
'Neath his proud Rococo heel?
6. Did he soothe the swooning maiden
With Rococo words of cheer,
Whispering sweet Rococo nothings
In her soft Rococo ear?
7. Gentle reader, I regret to say
That gallant rudely stood
And rubibered with the rustic
Just as any of us would.

I Doubt It

When two rosy lips are upturned to your
own,
With no one to gossip about it,
Do you pray for endurance to leave them
alone?
Maybe you do—but I doubt it.

When a dear little waist is in reach of
your own,
With a wonderful roundness about,
Do you argue the point twixt the right
and the wrong?
Maybe you do—but I doubt it.

When a dear little hand you're permitted
to seize,
With a velvety softness about it,
Do you think she will never permit it to
squeeze?
Maybe you do—but I doubt it.

When a dear little head lies close to your
own,
With its curly ringlets about it,
Do you look at your watch and say you
must go?
Maybe you do—but I doubt it.

And if by these arts, you have captured
a heart,
With endearing sweetness about it,
Will you guard it and keep it and act
the good part?
Maybe you will—but I doubt it.

ATHLETICS







Officers and Members F. W. H. S. Athletic Association

Mr. Fred H. Croninger	- - - - -	President
Miss Helen Crawford	- - - - -	Vice-President
Mr. M. H. Northrup	- - - - -	Secretary-Treasurer
Adams, E.	Brayer, M.	Crawford, V.
Albert, Geneva	Breuckner, H.	Coblenz, H.
Albert, Jeanette	Breuckner, C.	Crane, H.
Allmon, H.	Breuckner, L.	Creighton, M.
Arnold, D.	Bitner, J.	Cunnison, E.
Ackerman, A.	Caris, O.	Davis, G.
Banks, B.	Campbell, K.	Deister, I.
Bauer, P.	Carter, H.	Dixon, L.
Berghoff, A.	Chapman, W.	Dixon, N.
Baughman, Miss	Coats, R.	Dixon, N.
Bloom, L.	Cour, M.	Dobler, S.
Barrett, R.	Chambers, E.	Dunlap, R.
Benz, B.	Croninger, F.	Dutton, K.
Bowers, G.	Corey, D.	Emrick, E.
Brown, L.	Crane, S.	Elliot, M.
Brumbaugh, L.	Crawford, H.	Ehresman, R.

Eikenbary, N.	Luty, R.	Schele, E.
English, D.	Lockridge, B.	Schele, E.
Ellingham, M.	Lockridge, S.	Strodel, H.
Erwin, J.	Leschinsky, S.	Schwehn, G.
Evans, R.	Luecke, J.	Taylor, Von
Epler, E.	Martin, G.	Thomas, E.
Epler, R.	Mallot, B. J.	Travers, F.
Epstein, L.	Maxwell, E.	Todd, J.
Furney, K.	Maier, S.	Townsend, C.
Fishack, R.	Meader, J.	Trier, E.
Fairfield, O.	Morton, M.	Titsworth, G.
Fink, R.	Morris, J.	Thompson, D.
Gardner, Miss	Morril, W.	Umbach, M.
Gerberding, F.	Murphy, Mr.	Urnbans, E.
Gerberding, A.	Mahurin, C.	Van de Grift, H.
Giser, J.	Mikesell, H.	Van Every, R.
Glass, R.	Morgan, C.	Wahrenburg, D.
Goldberger, A.	Myer, R.	Warren, R.
Grosvenor, L.	Moellering, R.	Weil, A.
Guest, D.	Moll, E.	Welty, C.
Hamlet, J.	Nipper, R.	Warner, H.
Hanson, C.	Northrop, M. H.	Waterfield, H.
Harris, Mr.	Null, Mr.	Waterfield, R.
Harrah, Miss	Parks, D. F.	Whittaker, H.
Hosey, W.	Pfeiffer, M.	Willson, R.
Honeck, M.	Porterfield, R.	Willson, K.
Helmke, W.	Pool, L.	White, Ed.
Hurwitz, S.	Pohlmeier, E.	White, W.
Immel, H.	Pollock, R.	Wenzler, F.
Ingham, M.	Possel, W.	Wooding, H.
Irmscher, S.	Roberts, W.	Woodhull, F.
Jacobs, L.	Rodewald, A.	Wilder, C.
Jellison, R.	Salon, H.	Williams, Miss
Jones, De	Schultz, R.	Wilkens, E.
Knott, J.	Scott, C.	Vale, L.
Kelsey, J.	Sirit, E.	Vardeman, B.
Kenline, C.	Shelton, F.	Moll, E.
Kibiger, L.	Spaid, O.	Wilson, K.
Kiefer, H.	Scoles, A.	Pfeiffer, M.
Kigar, D.	Simminger, M.	Strodel, R.
Kinz, M.	Sites, Miss	Ehrman, F.
Knox, R.	Smith, A.	Gaskill, N.
Krimmel, E.	Smith, H.	Winebrenner
Koerber, R.	Smith, L.	Thomas, D.
Lachot, N.	Smith, P.	Sunday, R.
Large, H.	Snook, A.	Rousey, R.
Lighthill, M.	Stephens, H.	Underhill, Miss
Bindeman, C.	Scheuman, E.	Wilson, H.
Lindenburg, H.	Stein, H.	Torman, H.



Miss Wingert. Had we one of the old bards of the Elizabethan age, he could not have sung enough to the praise of Miss Wingert, who has coached us through our entire basketball career. Miss Wingert knows her rule book and enforces its statements to the letter. Moreover, she's strong on team work and consequently puts out impregnable teams. She's never too busy to be on time at a practice and at a game instills her girls with assurance of victory. To her we owe all the credit for our victorious year.

Mr. Greely. Mr. Greely, a mathematics teacher by trade, but otherwise a basketball, baseball and track coach, has performed the duties incident to his position as coach of the varsity basketball team most commendably. He accomplished wonders during the length of time he had the team in charge. Mr. Greely knows the game thoroughly and no one can help but profit by his advice.

A SUMMARY

At last we think that athletics has found a place in the Fort Wayne High School. Never before in the history of the school has athletics been so well boosted as it has during the past year, and, better yet, this boosting has not been exerted in vain, for in all the different athletics we have met with fine success. In basketball, football, baseball, track and tennis we have been victorious. For the success of our athletics credit should be given to the F. W. H. S. Athletic Association, especially to the president of the association, Mr. Croninger, and to the treasurer, Mr. Northrop. Miss Wingert and Mr. Greely must also be complimented on their splendid coaching given to the boys and girls during the season. For next year we will still have quite a large number of members in the association and besides quite a nice "nest egg" in the treasury to start the new season. There is also much good material left in all lines of athletics and there is no reason why next year should not bring even better results than this. But again looms up the big drawback, ineligibility. It was this that kept us from showing up better than we did this year. It is nearly always the case that the best athletes are unable to play because they fail in their studies.

Basketball Review

On November 25 the call for basketball candidates was issued and a squad of about twenty fellows reported to Coach Greely. The team was put thru stiff practice and was ready to start, when the order was given for closing the schools

because of the "flu" epidemic. It was Jan. 10 before we got started and on this date we met Decatur and were defeated by two points. After this defeat we got down to work and won four games in a row before we were stopped again. We took Churubusco down, first here at home and then on their own floor. Monroeville was the next victim and we beat them with fifteen points to spare. Then we went to Decatur to get revenge after our first encounter with the varsity of that place. We showed them how to play basketball and brought home the bacon. On the next week when we met Kendallville, the tables were turned on us and we were trimmed after a hard, fast fight. Up to this time the same line-up with which we had started the season was still playing together. They were Lachot, White, Waterfield, Berghoff, Wilder, Stephens and Campbell. At this time our star running guard, Dick Waterfield, became ineligible and we were compelled to look for a man to fill his position. Bob Nipper, a Freshman, was chosen for this vacancy and proved to be equally as good as Dick. We had three more games on our schedule and out of the three we won two. We defeated Monroeville again and then won and lost one to Columbia City. In the district tournament we won our first game from Berne and then lost our second in a hard battle with Geneva. We are well satisfied, however, with the results of the season.

The following is a complete outline of the schedule with the points obtained by both teams:

Date	Home Team	Visitors
Jan. 10	Fort Wayne	12;
Jan. 17	Fort Wayne	28;
Jan. 24	Fort Wayne	23;
Feb. 7	Fort Wayne	35;
Feb. 14	Fort Wayne	27;
Feb. 22	Fort Wayne	14;
Feb. 26	Fort Wayne	27;
Feb. 28	Fort Wayne	12;
Mar. 6	Fort Wayne	22;
Mar. 7	Fort Wayne	10;
Mar. 14	Fort Wayne	16;
		Decatur
		Churubusco
		Churubusco
		Monroeville
		Decatur
		Kendallville
		Monroeville
		Columbia Cit:
		Berne
		Geneva
		Columbia City

Interclass Basketball

A great deal of enthusiasm was shown this year in interclass basketball. Throughout the season there existed a constant rivalry between the four classes. The Seniors lead the other classes most of the time until near the close of the season, when they were tied up by the Sophomores. A battle was fought by these

two teams and the Sophomores won the class championship. The teams were constantly weakened by the losing of players either by their getting a place on the varsity squad or by their being ineligible. Each team was well organized and they all received the instructive coaching of Mr. Greely.

Noble Lachot (Captain). Nobe is the man who captained our team thru the season just over. He was regular all season and played in every game on the schedule. He started playing on the varsity last year, sticking faithfully to the squad thruout the season. Nobe is a Senior and will not be with us next year, but his hopes are that a team even stronger than this year's will represent the school.





Edward White. Eddie was our back guard. He was on the squad all season. He is a good steady player and, furthermore, is a clean player. Eddie was one of the best guards in this part of the state, being picked for the position of guard on the all-star district team. This is Eddie's last year and the school loses one of the best basketball players it ever had.

Richard Waterfield. Dick was running guard on the team and besides holding down his man he was a good basket shooter. He played a strong, clean game while he was with the squad, but was compelled to resign because he was ineligible. This is also Dick's last year with Fort Wayne, but we hope to hear more of him later.





Courtland Wilder. Court was our center most of the season before Berghoff played on the team. After Berghoff took the pivot position Wilder then switched to forward and played an equally good game. He is an accurate basket shooter and a fast running forward. Court was chosen as Captain for next year's varsity and we all wish him the best of success for him and his team.



Robert Nipper. Bob was the man that took Dick's place after he had to drop off the squad. Bob is a fast, clean player and also has a good eye for the basket. He was right there when it came to taking a dribble down the floor and it was very seldom that the man he was guarding scored. He is only a Freshman, so the team is sure of a good guard for several years.



Kenneth Campbell. "Red," as he was known to his fellow players, was a faithful sub throughout the season. He never missed a practice and in the games which he played he gave a splendid account of himself. He is a clean, steady player and in every way a valuable man. Kenneth graduates this spring and is, therefore, lost to us forever.

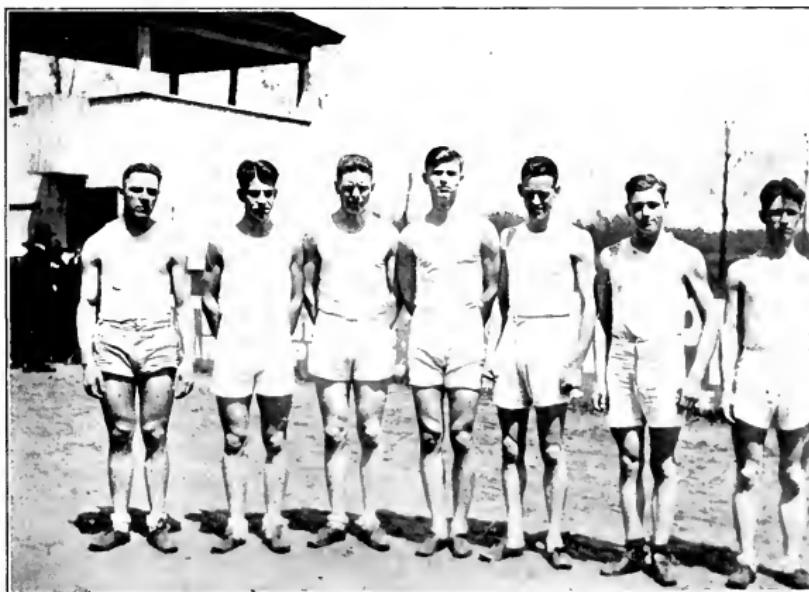


Romaine Meyers. Bud started out with us this year, but had to quit before the season was hardly started because of sickness. Bud was one of the fastest players in high school and had an eye that very seldom went wrong when it came to "sinking" the ball. He played with the varsity all last year until the last few games, when he was forced to stop playing because of his health. Bud graduates this spring, but his good work will always be remembered.

Herbert Stephens. Steve was a forward and had a position on the squad all season. He looks light, but he is there in forty different ways. He plays a fast, snappy game and mixes it with all of them. Furthermore, he is a good basket shooter, very seldom losing a shot. Herb is a Senior and in him the school loses a very good player.

Arthur Berghoff. "Suds" or "Shorty", as he was commonly called, was our center while he was with us, but it seemed as if he was missing about as much as he was present. He was ineligible the first part of the season and consequently didn't get started with the rest of us. He was going great at the end of the season and we are looking for better things from him next year as he is only a Junior.

The Track Team



Girl's Basketball



Bessie Banks. Now, what about Bess? Nothing much need be said. Her height speaks for itself. Bess has "trotted along" with the Varsity for two years, in 1918 playing side center. But this last year she shifted her position to guard and at last found her proper place for as a guard she's right there. She works hard and puts up a good strong fight in keeping the ball from the opponent's forwards.



Helen Warner. And now for Warner. Could we possibly have gotten along without her? She's quick and holds a strong position as forward. No one ever put her out of position. She aims for her baskets accurately and thus assures her audience that the basket is ours. The 1920 Varsity will lose a good, strong forward when Warner leaves.



Marie Umbach. Marie played forward on her Freshman, Sophomore and Junior class teams, and so easily made the Varsity this year. Under the guidance of Coach Wingert, she developed into the best forward the school has ever had, and her speed and accuracy in shooting made her the mainstay of the team. Let her be in the middle of the floor, or over at one side, we were always sure of a basket. Let's give nine *rabs* for Marie.



Flora Gerberding. Flora joined the squad this winter and immediately made good at guard. She played guard on her class teams, but this fall Coach Wingert tried her out on the Varsity, and she soon proved that she was the "man" to guard the line. Her speedy work surely helped to keep the opponents' scores down. Flora was also captain of the Senior class team.



Gertrude Schwehn. To Gert Schwehn belongs much credit for the success of girls' basketball during the past year. Gert was not only captain of the Varsity, but also manager of the class teams, and it was due to her efforts that several good class games were scheduled. Gert played a strong and fast game at forward, as is shown by the large number of points chalked up to her credit in the score book. Gert graduates this year, leaving a vacancy which will be hard to fill.



Meribah Ingham. Nothing much need be said about Ingham. She's a star and impossible to defeat. Never did she meet a center who could outjump her. This position was absolutely safe with her standing vigilance over it. She is quick and snappy and can give signals quicker than her opponents can detect them. This was Meribah's second year on the Varsity and we wish her the best of success in her college athletics.



Helen Brueckner. As side center Brueckner played a very good game with Ingham. She never missed a signal and was always in place to keep the ball with her own team. Brick was a good, faithful player, always showing up at the practices. She has two more years ahead of her, and no doubt will become more famous than ever.



Helen Crawford. Small, but powerful! That's Crawford. No one ever saw her more than two seconds at a time in the same place. Although her size was against her, "apparently," if her forward happened to be of the monstrous type, she had it all over them on jumping over their heads for a ball. Some little guard!



BASEBALL

Out of about twenty-five candidates Mr. Greely was able to get a fairly good baseball team. After several weeks of strenuous practice they met their first opponents, the varsity nine from Decatur. Nearly five hundred students witnessed this game, in which our team won from Decatur by the score of 13 to 4. Ed White pitched a whale of a game for our team, and, thru the good hitting of his team mates, succeeded in winning the game. The line-ups:

Fort Wayne—Hosey, ss; Schmidt, 2b; Myers, 1b; Possell, cf; White, p; Spaid, 3b; Carris, rf; Mulholland, lf; Deister, c. Decatur—Peterson, ss; Ross, 2b; Teeple, 1b; Durkins, cf; Archbold, p; Palzell, 3b; McConahy, rf; Case, lf; Myers, c.

In the next game between the Hicks-

ville High School and our team we were defeated by the score of 10 to 1. The visiting nine was too strong for our fellows and were able to bunch their hits and score, while our fellows were practically helpless at the hands of the Hicksville pitcher. Hosey, who took White's position on the mound in the eighth inning held the visitors from scoring further.

The next game was played at Muncie and we met our Waterloo again, being taken down to the tune of 6 to 2. Hosey pitched a wonderful game for our team, but his teammates gave him very poor support. The fellows are confident that they can win from this bunch and will try their luck again against them here at home.



TRACK

Under the able coaching of Mr. Greely one of the strongest track combinations in this part of the state has been brought out by our school. Never before has the high school turned out such good track material. The wet weather gave us a bad start, but yet with our small amount of practice we were in very good shape. In the triangular meet between Kendallville, Angola and Fort Wayne we were nosed out in the last event by one and one-third points. Kendallville won with 45 1-3, we came second with 44 and Angola finished a poor third with 8 2-3.

We led all thru the meet until the last event, the broad jump, in which we were able only to take a third place. In the track events we captured nearly everything, but we lost on in the field, failing to score in the pole vault and only a third in each the shotput and the broad jump. Bash featured for us, winning two firsts and tying for second in another event and taking a third position in another. He alone accounted for thirteen of our 44 points. Wilkens also gave a good account of himself by pulling down two firsts and a third. Ritchie came next in the scoring with six points and Campbell was close on his heels with five. Schenman and Shultz each had three points to his credit, while Lachot, White and Coburn each made a point.

The results:

100-Yard Dash—Bash, Fort Wayne, 1st; R. Moses, Kendallville, 2d; Lachot, Fort Wayne, 3d. Time, :10 1-5.

440-Yard Dash — Moses, Kendallville, 1st Ritchie, Fort Wayne, 2d; Bruick, Kendallville, 3d. Time, :54.

Mile Run—Campbell, Fort Wayne, 1st; Geanquer, Kendallville, 2d; Brown, Angola, 3d. Time, 5:19. (The winner was at least fifty yards ahead of his nearest competitor.)

120-Yard Low Hurdles—Wilkens, Fort Wayne, 1st; Ritchie, Fort Wayne, 2d; Hartsuck, Kendallville, 3d. Time, :20. Half-mile Run — Sawyer, Kendallville, 1st; Shultz, Fort Wayne, 2d; Coburn, Fort Wayne, 3d. Time, 2:15 1-5.

220-Yard Dash—Bash, Fort Wayne, 1st; B. Moses, Kendallville, 2d; White, Ft. Wayne, 3d. Time, :23 4-5.

220-Yard Low Hurdles—Wilkens, Fort Wayne, 1st; Bash, Fort Wayne, and R. Moses, Kendallville, tied for 2d. Time, :28 4-5.

High Jump—R. Moses, Kendallville, 1st; Sheumann, Fort Wayne, 2d; Clark and Crane, Angola (2-3 point), and Diggins, Kendallville (1-3 point), 3d. Height, 5 ft. 6 in.

Shotput—R. Moses, Kendallville, 1st; Clark, Angola, 2d; Wilkens, Fort Wayne, 3d. Distance, 42 ft. 3 in.

Pole Vault—B. Moses, Kendallville, 1st; Clark and Crane, Angola, tied for 2d (four points between them). Height, 9 ft. 6 in.

Broad Jump — R. Moses, Kendallville, 1st; B. Moses, Kendallville, 2d; Bash, Fort Wayne, 3d. Distance, 19 ft. 4½ inches.



JOKES

WM. SIMLER

"Can't you assume a little more pleasing countenance?" asked Mr. Schanz.

"Y—yes, sir," slowly answered Harry Salon. "Wait a minute and I'll take off these new shoes!"

* * *

Dreaming of Estelle

"Happiness," exclaimed Mr. Murphy, "is only the pursuit of something, not the catching of it!"

"Oh, I don't know," protested Wayne Roberts, "have you ever chased the last car on a rainy night?"

* * *

Try This on Your Piano!

Lachot: "I wonder how soldiers in the trenches managed to get their clothes dry after they washed them."

Thomas: "Oh, I suppose they hung them on the firing line."

* * *

Some Weighty Tasks

Casting shadows in a foundry.

Hitting a man on the head with the Caldron staff.

Taking care of the money in Palgrave's Golden Treasury.

* * *

Bechtol: "Sal, what is your dog's name?"

"Sal" Randall: "Spearmint."

Bechtol: "Why do you call him Spearmint?"

"Sal": "Because his tail's wriggly."

* * *

Malott (in P. G.): "How was iron ore discovered?"

Dick Waterfield: "I believe they smelt it."

* * *

Ignatz Mice Says:

It takes a cold-blooded teacher to give a student a mark below zero!

Didn't you feel awful when you laughed up your sleeve and everyone heard you because there was a hole in the elbow?

* * *

A maid, a man,
An open fan—
A seat upon the stair:
A stolen kiss,
Six weeks of bliss,
And forty years of care.

* * *

Some More Light Occupations

Looking for the label on a loaf of home made bread.

Playing golf on a sausage link.

* * *

Take Him Out!

Voorhees: "Did you filter the water?"

Leschinsky: "No, I was afraid it would not stand the strain."

* * *

Watt: "I am half inclined to kiss you."

Madie B.: "How stupid of me; I thought you were merely round shouldered."

* * *

Miss Kolb (arguing for suffrage): "Men, young and old, are all the same — mere worms of the earth."

Voice (owner unknown): "Yes, the chickens get them all."

* * *

The boy stood in the study hall,
He did not hear the bell,
And when he reached his English class
The teacher gave him extra home work!

* * *

English Admirer: "Bah, Jove! You're ripping!"

Kat: "Where?"



Some mistakes a discharged soldier may make when he returns to civil life:

Running around like a nut looking for his proper place and hollering "Squad 15! Squad 15!" upon hearing the traffic cop blow his whistle.

Entering each house on the block at night and yelling: "Nine o'clock! Put those lights out."

Ducking into a manhole when an automobile backfires.

Inquiring of the dignified old gentleman at his right: "Got a smoke on ya, buddy?"

Marking time when held up at crossings.

* * *

Scheumann: "Richey, do you know why money talks?"

Richey: "Why shouldn't it? It has a woman's head on it."

* * *

Rather Late for 9 o'Clock

Travers: "It's nine o'clock, Nob."

Lachot: "Why the dickens didn't you tell me that when you were in here half an hour ago!"

* * *

Miss Kolb (quoting fifteenth amendment of the Constitution): "No state can deprive a man of voting on account of race, color or sex."

* * *

Speaking of Cases

M. O. K.: "Over what cases does the Supreme Court have jurisdiction?"

"Bud" Meyers: "Over all suit cases."

* * *

Attention, Juniors!

Little bits of humor,

Little bits of bluff,

Make the simple Juniors

Think they're just the stuff.

* * *

Today Is the Day We Give Daughters Away!

Lachot: "Sir, I ask for your daughter's hand."

Dr. Mikesell: "Certainly, my boy; take the one that's always in my pocket."

Campbell: "It says here that the night wore on. I wonder what it means."

Fairfield: "Why, the close of day, ya poor fish."

* * *

F—ierce lessons,

L—ate hours,

U—nexpected company,

N—ot prepared,

K—icked out!

* * *

Slipping?

Mr. Croninger (after Ed. White has explained a proposition): "How many agree?"

Not a sound.

Mr. C.: "You haven't any supporters, Mr. White."

* * *

William looking down a gun
Pulled the trigger just for fun.
Mother says in accents pained,
William is so scatter brained.

* * *

Wayne Roberts: "It is a strange thing, but true, that the biggest fools go with the most beautiful girls."

Estella Owen: "Oh, you flatterer!"

* * *

A Good Comparison

Simpson: "Our laundry woman reminds me of a good preacher."

Crawford: "How's that?"

L. S.: "You see she's always bringing things home to me that I never saw before."

* * *

Fixing It Up

Ma: "No, Bab will not become engaged till she's twenty."

Pa: "But, my dear, she may not have the chance when she's twenty."

Ma: "Well, then, she will remain twenty until she does."

* * *

That thrifty teacher, Mr. Zull,
Whose intellect seems rather dull,

When reading at night

To economize light,

Puts luminous paint on his skull.

NOTICE

The following Hindu Classics are now on sale at Welty's Job Printing Shop, eleventh floor of Shoaff building. Price \$0.08 each. Take steps but leave elevator.

"Slip Van Ankle".....	G. Washington Irving Crane
"Over the Mop"	Arthur Guy Diester
"The Goldburg"	Edgar Allen White
"My Four Years in Hades".....	J. J. J. H. F. W. Compart
"Pleasure Island"	Herb Stevenson
"Humiliation With America".....	Edmund C. Lockridge
"Ivanplow"	Sir Conrad Scott
"Sillas the Mariner".....	Mi Maier, Ph. D.
"Travers' Minor Poems"	J. Milt Travers
"Pair of Dice Lost"	John Geiser
"Adventures in Modesty".....	Herb Shirkman
"Merchants of Fort Wayne".....	Wm. S. Epstein
"A Mid-Summer Night's Scream".....	L. Simpson, M. A.
"Free Latin Translations".....	Rev. Melvin Cook
"Idleness of the Kings".....	Marie Umbach
"Revelations of a Fast Life".....	Hon. H. Carter
"Travels with a Donkey".....	Estelle Owen
"Nights at a Round Table".....	Timnyson Hetrick
"Life of Samuel Leschinsky".....	By Ditto
"What I Like About Myself".....	Sir Pollak
"Palgrave's Golden Drudgery".....	Marie Umbach

School Track Champs.

Standing Joke—Wm. Kapelle

Standing Broad Grin—Edna Maxwell.

Low Gurgles—Babe Dixon.

Running Broad Chump—Al Weil.

Throwing the Bluff—Bruce Lockridge

Delay team—R. Hobrock, Dutton, Gieser and Campbell.

Hot (air) Putter—Pollak.

Inseparables

Watt and two bits.

Lachot and Porterfield.

Honecw and his saxophone.

P. Hobrock and his moustache—also Gruber.

Travers and 4472.

E. Owen and Wayne Roberts

Fishack and several girls.

Irmscher's porch and a male congregation.

Simpson and conversation.

E. L. Maxwell and pep.

A Frosh and his Mellin's Food.

Wingerl and the telephone.

Lockridge and N. Webster's.

Liggett and Baade.

Cupid's Garden

We went to Cupid's garden
And wandered o'er the land.
The moon was shining brightly,
I held her little—shawl.

Yes, I held her little shawl;
"How fast the evening flies"—
We spoke on terms of love—
I gazed into her—lunch-basket.

I gazed into her lunch-basket,
And wished I had a taste.—
There sat my lovely charmer,
My arm about her—umbrella.

Clasping her umbrella,
This clever little Miss—
Her eyes demurely downcast,
I swiftly stole a—sandwich.

* * *

Mary E E.: "My grandpahipah (accent on the penult) has reached the age of ninety-six. Isn't it wonderful?"

Lachot: "Wonderful nothing! Look at the time it's taken him to do it."

* * *

Editor Travers: "Er, Jenkins, I want you to order a ton or so of new type—Z's and Y's and X's. They are starting another war in Russia."

* * *

Looked Suspicious

"Is it an accident? What happened?" inquired a worried looking individual of the conductor.

"Someone pulled the bell cord!" shouted the conductor. "The express knocked our last car off the track! Take us four hours before the track is clear!"

"Great Scott! Four hours! I am supposed to be married today!" groaned the passenger.

The conductor, a bigoted bachelor, raised his eyebrows suspiciously.

"Look here!" he demanded. "I suppose you ain't the chap that pulled the cord?"

* * *

Kate: "Johnny kissed me on the eye-brow."

Drayer: "H'm, I'd call him down."

A young husband jawed his wife because the bread wasn't like his mother used to make it. She sweetly reminded him that he couldn't raise the dough like her father did, either.

* * *

Sweet Young Thing: "What inspired this dainty spring poem—violets and daffodils, I ween?"

Heartless Poet: "Not by a jugful. When I'm goin' good all I need is a good chew."

* * *

Ed Thomas (calling at Irmschers): "If I had the money I'd sure travel."

Martha: "Well, here's a nickel."

* * *

Janitor: "How's the temperature in your room today?"

Miss Nelson: "Oh, I'm seventy-one today."

Sought-for Voice: "Happy birthday!"

* * *

Young Franke: "Ma, don't you think sis has good eyes?"

Ma: "Not especially, why?"

Son: "Why, last night when it was pitch dark I heard her tell Bill White that he hadn't shaved."

* * *

Pedantic Pedagogue: "Have I made myself plain?"

Foolish Frosh: "No, but Nature did."

* * *

Malott: "Name some of the prehistoric mammals beginning with Mr. Pollak."

* * *

Ed White (at Schanz's): "Now, remember, I don't want a very large picture."

Photographer: "All right, please close your mouth."

* * *

Dixon: "Garsh, but it's hot in here." Crane: "Well, I'll hum a little air."

* * *

Sentimental Junior: "If you would only look into my heart you would see your name written there."

Sarcastic Sophess: "Yes, but I'm afraid it would look like an hotel register."

Doc Vorhees: "Now, I will take a little sulphuric acid and—"

Vox Humana: "A good idea, that."

Travers: "What's the time? I've an invitation to dine tonight and my watch is not going."

Welty: "Wasn't your watch invited too?"

Try Again, My Boy!

Watt: "Does Martha have a sense of humor?"

Deister: "I don't think so, John. I've told her the same joke over and over and I don't believe she has laughed at it more than twice since I met her."

* * *

Fifth Hour Math.

Stupid Soph: "What does Q. E. D. mean?"

Brightness: "Quit and Eat Dinner."

* * *

First Cootie: "Been on a vacation?"

Second Ditto: "No, on a tramp."

* * *

P. Henri: "Darling, for many a week there has been something trembling on my lip to—"

F. Gruber: "Well, why not shave it off?"

* * *

For Fun.

"What is the secret of success?" asked the Sphynx.

"Push," said the Button.

"Never be lead," said the Pencil.

"Take Pains," said the window.

"Always keep cool," said the ice.

"Be up to date," said the calendar.

"Never loose your head," said the barrel.

"Make light of everything," said the fire.

"Do a driving business," said the hammer.

"Be sharp in your dealings," said the knife.

"Find a good thing and stick to it," said the glue.

"Do the work you are suited for," said the chimney.

Wenzler: "Is the living Tigar made on a sound basis?"

Honeck: "You bet it is. He plays the bass drum in our orchestra."

* * *

Porterfield: "When you proposed I suppose Linda said, "This is so sudden!"

Lachot: "Indeed not, she was honest and said, "Oh, the suspense has been terrible."

* * *

Pants Is Pants.

Pants are made for men and not for women. Women are made for men and not for pants; when a man pants for a woman and a woman pants for a man they're a pair of pants. Such pants don't last. Pants are like molasses—they are thinner in hot weather and thicker in cold. Men are often mistaken in pants—such mistakes are breeches of promise. There has been much discussion as to whether pants are singular or plural; seems to us that when a man wears pants they are plural and when he doesn't it is singular. If a man goes on a tear in his pants it is all right, but if the pants go on a tear it is all wrong. If you want to make pants last, make the coat and vest first.

* * *

My Autograph

My autograph she begged the night
When first her beauty filled my sight,
"Not just the name, you know," quoth
she,

"But something nice besides, maybe
A poem or a maxim trite."

I yielded to the witching light
Of her soft eyes and did indite
Entwined with flowers of poesy,
My autograph.

She perches on my knee tonight,
And in her eyes so clear and bright,
The old light dwells—ah, woe is mine!
My check book in her hand I see
And once again she begs me write
My autograph.

Clarence H. Pearson.

Pepper and Onions

(Continued from page 84)

He staggered backward and at the same time picked up his handkerchief. Ka-t—choo, Ka-t—choo, Ka-t—choo. He sat weakly down in a chair after several minutes of strenuous exercise.

"Ah, that green silk handkerchief lying on the floor looks like the one that Mr. Robert Stanton had this morning."

It took him some time to clean away the muss, because he was taken with a violent fit of sneezing almost every two seconds.

He cleared away all traces of the onion and the pepper, that is everything but the odor.

The next day Mr. Brown acted as though nothing had happened. He then said:

"Well pupils I think that since you have worked pretty hard the last few days I will excuse you so that you can see the parade."

Bud and Bess looked at each other and smiled.

"I wish to speak to the honorable Mr. Robert Stanton and the honored Miss Elizabeth Stanton please," said he with a smile.

The two culprits walked up to the desk. Their faces turned white and then red, and then they looked at each other and grinned rather sheepishly, for they knew what was coming.

He gave them each several sheets of paper and told them to write, "Don't try to play tricks on teachers, they don't succeed," until he returned.

"I'm going to quit playing tricks on Mr. Brown," said Bud. "He can't be fooled even if he is old and bald headed. I guess I'd better quit too," said Bess.

Look Here!

The following very interesting note was found on the floor in Room 18. It speaks for itself:

Frieda and I went to a basketball game Thursday night at Concordia gym with

Paul and Chick. They came after us at fifteen of eight and we hiked down to the transfer corner and rode from there.

We had "preserved" seats way up in heaven some place, but if our nice wiggly old chairs would have taken the notion to slide off backward we would have been in it!—?—misery!

Chick's coat pocket is filled with lovely scraps of paper from letters of mine, Frieda's, etc. My hands were cold last night—some pockets are nicer than one's own.

We walked down Wilt street to watch Frieda and Paul (?) down Van Buren. The circumference of a circle is (I) very small (II). Then back Wilt to Union street. Heavenly and squashy and arms 'n' everything. Not long enough. Ought to last a couple minutes anyway. And I hate mushiness usually. Smoky Burham said I would change some day after I had slapped him and stepped on his toes. I wouldn't let anyone else but Chick. I wonder if F.— M.— tasted better or worse than I do.

R.— K.— was the only other fellow I've had a regular crush on, and he was younger. Heavens! I was only 13 then, but it only lasted a couple of months. I'm glad (I hope I'm not boy struck) I don't get crazy about every fellow I go with. Fat and Abey, for instance—ye gods! I do hope Chick don't think me silly and queer and brainless and ugly. Rather what I am not, which is sensible—generally—smart—?? Beautiful?????

I have to stop writing or I'll never, never get my comp. I wish Chick and I would be chums and tell each other everything like Frieda and I do—sometimes. Chick would be a dandy chum I think after our—or my—silliness wears off. Oh! Please, Chick, like me better than anyone.

I am trembling in my boots. Miss McKinney was absent this morning and we put on the board in our lat. room: "Our dear teacher is absent" (minded).

If Mr. Ward finds it!! Oh, I am hungry.

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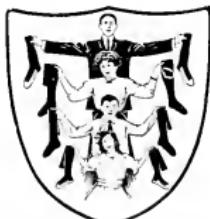
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If, when you are in need of Hats, Caps, Shirts, Ties, Hose or Sweaters, you want the best at the lowest fair prices; if you want style, at least six months before any other Fort Wayne store, will give them to you. Go to.

TOD'S---814 Calhoun Street

Where the Styles Come From

ROMARY BALLET SCHOOL

Toe, Classic and Ball Room
Dancing

Studio also rented for Private
Dances and Parties, etc.

1132 Calhoun St.

Phone 4420

After Graduation—What?

AVERAGE INCOMES FOR FIVE YEARS—YALE GRADUATES OF 1906

Occupations:	1st Year	2nd Year	3rd Year	4th Year	5th Year
Insurance Agents	\$1,065	\$1,150	\$1,480	\$1,908	\$2,708
College Teachers and Officials	1,376	945	1,001	1,093	1,419
School Teachers and Officials	988	1,118	1,324	1,456	1,500
Social or Religious Workers	924	1,100	1,400	1,404	1,766
Farmers and Ranchmen	893	1,200	1,866	1,600	2,400
Government Employees	825	860	1,165	1,575	2,650
Real Estate Dealers	825	1,100	1,750	2,140	2,550
Musicians	750	1,100	1,450	1,700	1,350
Advertisers and Publishers	730	1,202	1,702	2,792	3,600
Business Men	717	885	1,246	1,657	1,967
Journalists	660	790	821	920	1,168
Engineers	650	942	1,352	1,286	1,702
Manufacturers	602	1,185	1,639	2,100	2,485
Brokers	537	1,376	2,086	2,237	2,695
Bankers	510	938	1,170	1,472	2,112
Graduate Students	487	542	425	447	370
Lawyers	358	339	608	927	1,244
Foresters	1,100	1,300	1,500
Average—All Occupations	\$740	\$968	\$1,286	\$1,522	\$1,885
Total Replying	131	151	166	177	184
Average for all occupations—five-year period					\$1,280.82
Average Insurance Agents—five-year period					\$1,872.33

The facts contained in the above table certainly give convincing proof that life insurance agents earn more money than clerks in banks and stores or men who own and manage the average store or business house. And furthermore, the life insurance agent can shift his place of business at will. If business is poor in one particular section, the life insurance agent is not tied there as is the ordinary merchant but can work in better territory.

Study Life Insurance

It will be noted that Insurance Agents averaged to earn 62% more money over the five-year period than was average by the men who chose other professions. It should be remembered, however, that it does not require a college education to enable a man or a woman to earn money selling life insurance.

There is no line of work open to the person of average education and ability, without capital or influence, in which the opportunities for accomplishing immediate financial returns, building up a substantial income and attaining to a position of importance and prominence in the business affairs of a community, are equal to the opportunities offered by a life insurance agency. The only capital required is clean character, a clear head, honesty of purpose, tact, enthusiasm and a big surplus of indomitable energy and grim determination to succeed. Endowed with these prerequisites the man or wo-

man who takes up life insurance work need have no fear of failure, and if he or she will carefully study the business, making the best possible use of time and opportunities, success is certain.

No line of work opens up such splendid opportunities for the young man as does life insurance soliciting. The natural inclination of young men is to accept some clerical position where they will receive steady salaries and not have to exert themselves beyond doing routine work directed and supervised by a superior officer. There is nothing that serves to destroy the usefulness of a young man or fails to develop ambition in him more than a position of this character. It places practically no responsibility on him and as a rule he never develops beyond the position of a clerk. Very frequently we see old men who have been engaged in nothing but clerical work all their lives.

CONSIDER WHAT FUTURE PROFESSION YOU WILL ENTER
THE LIFE INSURANCE PROFESSION IS BEST

LINCOLN NATIONAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.
FORT WAYNE, INDIANA

Youthfully Smart Coats of the Season



*Chiffon Dance Frocks in all the
light colors, simple and pretty*

¶ Simplicity combined with unmistakable style is the secret of the popularity of these coats so strongly favored by Miss Manhattan.

¶ Come in and see the many other becoming coats and suits chosen for us in New York. They are new, stylish, well-made and moderate in price.

¶ See our wonderfully smart College Princess Dresses, designed for the school miss, the greatest hit of the large cities for the girl going to school and college.

G. W. GATES & COMPANY
OUTER APPAREL
For Women, Misses and Children

122 and 124 WEST BERRY STREET

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A. J. WILSON, Pres.-Mgr.

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